

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 10, 1975 75 CENTS

THE L.A. KINGS GO FOR A CROWN

Goalie Vachon Heads a Cast of Castoffs



Oldsmobile's 1975 Cutlass Supreme would look great at any price.

At \$4048* it looks beautiful.



Want to travel in style? There's always a price to pay. But if Cutlass Supreme is your style, the price isn't hard to take at all. Supreme's good looks and easy handling have made it one of America's most popular luxury mid-size cars four years in a row. And this year's sculptured side design really sets it apart. The rich, carpeted interior with its velour seats is another reason Supreme is the style setter in its class.

What else will you get for your money? Power steering, front disc brakes, and the new high-energy ignition system, to name just a few. They're all standard equipment.

You'll keep getting more for your money. The '75 Cutlass Supreme should cost you hundreds of dollars less to run over the next few years than last year's Supreme. It needs less recommended maintenance—fewer oil changes, fewer spark plug changes, no points or condenser to replace. And you won't be ashamed to tell your friends about its gas mileage. According to published EPA tests, 16 mpg in the city and 21 on the highway with the standard six-cylinder engine. And, of course, Cutlass Supreme enjoys traditionally high resale value.

But after all, when it comes to style, to beauty, there aren't many cars in Cutlass Supreme's class. Especially at \$4,048*.

OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS SUPREME

IT'S A GOOD YEAR TO HAVE AN OLDS AROUND YOU.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for the Cutlass Supreme Coupe Hardtop Coupe, including dealer prep charge. Destination charge, available equipment, state and local taxes are additional.



Indispensable reference volumes that belong in every sports library

Take all 4 for only \$7

If you join the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED BOOK CLUB now and agree to buy as few as four more books within the next year.

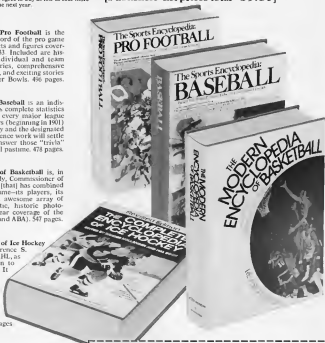
[Publishers' list prices total \$59.80]

The Sports Encyclopedia: Pro Football is the first complete statistical record of the pro game—a major compilation of facts and figures covering all field action since 1933. Included are historical summaries, full individual and team achievements in all categories, comprehensive information on every player, and exciting stories of championships and Super Bowls. 496 pages. **Publisher's list price: \$14.95**

The Sports Encyclopedia: Baseball is an indispensable guide that presents complete statistics relating to every player on every major league team from the dead ball years (beginning in 1901) right down to the present day and the designated hitter. This remarkable reference work will settle all your arguments, even answer those "trivia" questions about our national pastime. 478 pages. **Publisher's list price: \$14.95**

The Modern Encyclopedia of Basketball is, in the words of Walter Kennedy, Commissioner of the NBA, a "definitive work [that] has combined the human story of the game—its players, its teams, its coaches—with an awesome array of vital statistics and dramatic, historic photographs." Features year-by-year coverage of the colleges and the pros (NBA and ABA). 547 pages. **Publisher's list price: \$14.95**

The Complete Encyclopedia of Ice Hockey has been acclaimed by Clarence S. Campbell, President of the NHL, as a "truly prestigious addition to the literature of the game." It brings you an incredibly complete picture of both the NHL and the WHA from their beginnings, with the record of every man who ever wore the jersey of a team in either league. Over 200 photographs. 702 pages. **Publisher's list price: \$14.95**



HOW MEMBERSHIP WORKS

- Fifteen times a year (about every three and a half weeks) we will send you, without charge, the *Sports Illustrated* Book Club News, a scouting report on the best sports books available. The News describes the upcoming Selection as well as many Alternates. To receive the Selection, you do nothing; it will be sent to you automatically. If you want an Alternate—or no book at all—notify us on the reply form provided and return the form in time to reach us by the date specified.
- If, because of late mail delivery of the News, you receive a Selection without having had at least ten days to decide whether you want it, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.
- As a member you need buy only four Selections or Alternates out of the hundred or so that will be offered to you during the next year, most at prices averaging considerably less than regular publishers' prices.

Sports Illustrated Book Club
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

Sports Illustrated® Book Club

OPERATED BY Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

55B174-2-1X

Please enroll me as a member of the Sports Illustrated Book Club and send me *The Sports Encyclopedia: Pro Football*, *The Sports Encyclopedia: Baseball*, *The Modern Encyclopedia of Basketball* and *The Complete Encyclopedia of Ice Hockey*, billing me only \$7 for all four volumes (publishers' list prices total \$59.80). I agree to purchase at least four additional Selections or Alternates during the coming year, paying in most cases special members' prices. My membership is cancellable any time after I buy the four additional books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments.

My } _____
 Ms } _____ (Please print plainly)
 Address _____ Apt _____
 City & _____
 State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if you are under 21 years of age.
 ® SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is a registered trademark of Time Incorporated.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Longer...
yet
milder



Pall Mall Gold 100's

10 mg "tar", 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '94.

CONTENTS

FEBRUARY 10, 1975 Volume 42, No. 6

Cover photograph by Neil Lester

10 Bidding with a Kick

Under the bridge table *not* all was aboveboard, as a suave Italian massaged—and maybe massaged—his partner with his elegantly shod right foot. Despite howls by the U.S., Italy's final opponent in the Bermuda world championships, the Italians played on—and won.

by Walter Bingham

14 Bayi Makes His Own Rules

Tanzania's front-running miler triumphed in his U.S. indoor track debut.

by Ron Reid

16 Waifs Who Darken Doors

A team of castoffs, the L.A. Kings have come back to confound their raycists.

by Mark Mulevy

18 Connors Hits the Jackpot

The No. 1 U.S. tennis player beats Rod Lever for \$100,000-plus in Las Vegas.

by Joe Jones

22 And Still the Classic of Cool

Walt Frazier's life-style is less gaudy, but his thermometer remains steady.

by Jerry Kirshenbaum

26 High Among the Hawks

Hobie Alter follows up his surboard and catamaran with a miniature sailplane.

by Philip Singerman

54 First You Have to Find K2

The author joins the U.S. team training for an assault on the second-highest mountain.

by Robert F. Jones



Arnold Roth

The departments

7 Scorecard

34 Motor Sports

36 College Basketball

42 Olympics

46 Pro Basketball

46 Hunting

65 For the Record

66 19th Hole

Credits on page 68

Next Week

THE PAC-8 IS PACKED with top teams, and the best four—UCLA, USC, Oregon and Oregon State—will vie for the league lead during a busy basketball weekend in the Beaver State. Curry Kirkpatrick reports.

THE SUPER BOWL, if you were into it cheek by jowl with such as Mean Joe Greene and Co., was super Roy Brown Jr., who lived with the Steelers during their disappointing '73 season, rejoined them for their triumph.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue per year and by the name, 1211 N. Dearborn, Chicago, IL 60611, printed at a Republic Center, N.Y. 10020. U.S. Mailing Permit No. 2, 540-7. Second Class Post Office at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes in U.S. to Sports Illustrated, 1211 N. Dearborn, Chicago, IL 60611. Outside U.S. to Sports Illustrated, P.O. Box 518, New York, N.Y. 10108.

American Express knows where a great meal doesn't cost a great deal. Steaks 'n Stuff.



This big beautiful steak is just \$5.75* at Steaks 'n Stuff. But that's not all. Because you also get all the fresh salad you want, all the bread and butter you want, and all the cold draught beer or Coke* you want. All for just \$5.75*. A great meal that doesn't cost a great deal.

And there are more great meals at Steaks 'n Stuff—not just steaks. Try the Steak 'n Lobster, or Florida Red Snapper, Shrimp Tempura or the barbecued ribs. With all the salad, bread and beer included with your meal. All for a reasonable check.

And there's always popular entertainment in our lounges. To pick up the check, bring the American Express® Card. All Steaks 'n Stuff restaurants everywhere welcome it.

Chicago Area: Sheraton Inn O'Hare South, South of Irving Park at 3939 North Mannheim Road, Schiller Park.

2121 S. Arlington Heights Road, Arlington Heights.

Highland and Butterfield Road, Adjacent Yorktown Shopping Center, Lombard.

New York City: 745 Seventh Ave. between 49th and 50th Streets.

Kansas City: In the Continental Hotel, Baltimore at 11th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.



AMERICAN EXPRESS

©1989 American Express Company

*Offering is subject to change without notice.

*"We challenge
any Scotch
in the house"*

*House of
Stuart*



HOUSE OF STUART BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 55 PROOF. BAYTON DISTILLERS IMPORT CO., NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10014

Eastern's Help for the business traveler.

One call lands you a flight, a car and a hotel room.



The same phone call can have a Hertz or other good rental car waiting for you.



You gotta believe!

The people of Eastern believe in doing everything we can, in the air and on the ground, to make your business trip a pleasure. For reservations, call your travel agent, the travel specialist, or Eastern Airlines.

One phone call to your travel agent or to Eastern Airlines can get you a seat on any of our 1200 daily flights in the U.S., the Caribbean, Mexico and Canada.



And the same call can reserve you a room in a Holiday Inn, Sheraton, or other fine hotel or motel.



EASTERN THE WINGS OF MAN

From Chicago, Eastern flies to 59 cities every day, with nonstop service to Atlanta, Birmingham, Charlotte, Miami/Ft. Lauderdale, Orlando, Raleigh/Durham and West Palm Beach.

THE WINGS OF MAN IS A REGISTERED SERVICE MARK OF EASTERN AIR LINES, INC.



The best news you'll hear all day starts every morning on Newsradio 78.

Wake up to WBBM Newsradio 78, and keep us tuned in as you go to work or as you go about your morning. Those Newspeople tell you what you need to know to get your day started.

Get all the latest news. Dale McCarren and Donn Pearlman anchor Chicago's most complete morning newscasts, backed by CBS News on the Hour.

Catch up on sports. Brent Musburger and Brad Palmer give you a complete rundown on yesterday's games, plus views and interviews on today's action.

Find out what the weather's going to be. WBBM's exclusive Weather Command brings the most complete forecasts including separate reports for northern and southern suburbs.

Get where you're going this morning. Our exclusive Computer Traffic Control helps you with the most comprehensive traffic information in town.

Add to all this John Madigan's Commentaries, Business and Financial News and special CBS features, and you've got quite a morning. Which is just the beginning of quite a day, when you listen to WBBM Newsradio 78.

WBBM NEWSRADIO 78

Know it all with Those Newspeople.

One thing you can say about the seasons of sport...



...they never run out.

To make sure you don't miss a single punt, pass, pitch, putt, save, sprint or schuss—sign on with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** every week. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** offers you a reserved seat for the best of baseball, football, hockey, basketball...the whole exciting world of sport. Whatever the game, whatever the season, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** helps you enjoy and appreciate it more. So use the attached card—and enter your subscription today! If someone's beaten you to the card, write to

Sports Illustrated

Time-Life Building, Chicago,
Illinois 60611. Or call our toll-free
number: 800-621-8200 (in
Illinois, call 800-972-8302).



If you've got Gas heat
you know what clean is.



When it's replacement time, get gas again.
Natural gas is clean inside and out. Depend-
able. Economical. Using gas heat and gas
appliances takes less of America's energy, too.
Use gas wisely. It's clean energy for
today and tomorrow.

SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

TAKING THE IMAGINATION

Just speculating idly, the man suggested that since the Internal Revenue Service has confiscated equipment from this defunct World Football League team, uniforms from that one and gate receipts from another, what organization is in a better position to field a new professional football league in 1975 than the IRS? The names are natural. The Tampa Tax Shelters, the Washington Withholders, the Denver Deductions, the Juneau Joint Filers, the Wilmington Write-Offs, the Rochester Refunds. The IRSFL would be better financed than the old WFL and obviously it keeps better books. So the man said.

THE CUP SPILLETH

The U.S. loss to Mexico in the Davis Cup this week carries a great deal more significance than did similar defeats the U.S. and Australia suffered in earlier rounds of the competition last year. Then the two top nations had excuses: they were trying to sneak by with second-stringers on faraway foreign courts. Against Mexico, Captain Dennis Ralston did make what appears, from hindsight, to be a curious choice by playing Stan Smith in the singles with a bad leg while using Wimbledon semifinalist Dick Stockton to replace him in the doubles, instead of using Stockton in the singles and leaving the Smith-Bob Lutz combination intact.

But Mexico is a genuine winner. Not only did Raul Ramirez and Vincente Zazara beat a most representative U.S. team—although Arthur Ashe had a tournament commitment—they did it on U.S. soil, only the second time in history that we have ever lost a preliminary Davis Cup match at home. Which should now make it clear to everyone that we cannot expect to beat lesser cup teams, let alone the Australians, without playing our best. And that means Jimmy Connors.

Citing his usual array of petty personal and political slights (real or imagined), Connors has refused invitations from

Ralston to play for his country except on his own terms: he requires some sort of right of refusal over Davis Cup team officials. In Las Vegas for the Rod Laver match (page 18), a wonderfully entertaining but easily movable feast, Connors' manager, Bill Riordan, declared baldly, "We have simple conditions. The present administration of the team must be changed—specifically, Dennis Ralston."

It is a sad situation when the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association must succumb to a form of extortion in order to obtain the services of its best player.

HARDEST ROWS TO HIDE

One of those little-known facts that everyone knows so well it has become a cliché is that with respect to physical ability there is no more demanding discipline than ballet. The corollary is that Rudolf Nureyev may be the best athlete alive.

With that out of the way, we may now proceed to the most difficult forms of athletic endeavor, as ranked by Dr. Paul Hunsicker of the University of Michigan in the book *Fitness, Health, and Work Capacity*. He rated each sport in 10 different categories—strength, endurance, body type, flexibility, coordination, speed, agility, balance, intelligence and creativity—and gave points according to the importance of each category to a sport (e.g., three points to a sport in which strength is a high requirement, two points if it is moderately required, one if only mildly so and none if no strength is required at all). Of the 40 sporting pastimes rated, basketball comes off with highest marks (23), with wrestling, fencing and soccer close behind. Team sports such as football, rugby, rowing and lacrosse, high in the strength and endurance departments but low on creativity, intelligence and balance, occupy the middle ground, while the endurance sports—swimming, bicycling and distance running—show the way only to quieter pursuits like fishing, curling and archery. Lowest rated are bowling (5) and, of all things, hiking (6), which should give the

walkers something to think about the next time out on one of those long, undemanding treks.

CALL OF THE WILD

It was cold, icy cold. Patches of ice gleamed on the road. Inside the truck it was warm, soda-biscuit warm. Technician Arthur W. Sedlack glided through the frozen land, past the tall pines—Big Sky country. There would be no snowmobiles this day. Park road. Not allowed.

And then the alarm. There, just ahead—snowmobiles! Two of them, parked. Sedlack hits the brakes. His truck spins once, then spins again. A jolt, hard against the mountain, then silence. Sedlack steps out in the cold Montana air. No flashing lights. No uniform or badge. Just Sedlack, his truck, his revolver—drawn. No smiles.



"Get away from those machines," he orders the drivers, softly. They step back. Sedlack raises his arms. He aims. Pow!

It was bound to happen sooner or later. Arthur W. Sedlack, technician, Walton Ranger Station, Glacier National Park, Mont. Shot a snowmobile to death.

DISASTER AT DARDANELLE

The language of the reports made last year to the Atomic Energy Commission was disarmingly prosaic. "During routine fish impingement monitoring ... an environmental occurrence ... corrective action was taken in accordance. ..." What made them about as dull as the perilous everyday life of the Colt 45 man on TV was their profusion—

continued

all in 14 days—and this chilling reassurance: "The fish that were collected were disposed of through landfill operation."

It takes a lot of dead fish to make much of an impression on a landfill operation. In this case, estimates attorney Angus Macbeth of the Natural Resources Defense Council, the number amounted to about five million or almost 25% of the total fish kills reported for the entire United States by the Environmental Protection Agency in 1972, the last year for which records are available. "Very dramatic," Macbeth comments dryly, "for 14 days on one lake in Arkansas."

The apparent cause of the disaster was a decrease in water temperature that sapped the strength of threadfin shad, which made up 95% of the victims. Unable to do equal battle with the intake current of the circulating water pumps, they were swept to their deaths in the works of the Arkansas Power and Light Company on Dardanelle Reservoir in the northwest section of the state.

The "occurrence" might have gone unreported had not Macbeth and the vigilant NRDC brought it to public light and smell. Macbeth believes all federally licensed plants should be required to report fish kills publicly and on a weekly basis. Corrective action might be brought to bear immediately, and the resultant publicity lead to more sanely planned power projects. Wholesale destruction of fish hurts not only anglers. It needlessly devastates ecosystems and destroys valuable sources of protein. The average food shopper needs that as much as the next quantum leap in the electric bill.

TOP BANANA

The tinkers have been at it again. If first results are a guide, they're going to have to raise the rafters one more time to accommodate the pole vaulters.

First aluminum replaced the old bamboo pole. Fiber glass with its slingshot bend followed that. Now the bend is being built in. Using a prebent pole—it is called the banana—Steve Smith set a world indoor record of 18'2½" several weeks ago at a professional track meet in Montreal, and that was only fitting. He and his father, a project engineer for Hughes Helicopter Corporation, invented it.

"It takes a lot of energy to start a straight pole bending," explains Smith, "so my father figured if you prebent the pole it would give you back more thrust,

and that's how it works. I helped with the redesign of the glass patterns to make the pole stronger."

Fellow Californians Casey Carrigan and Bob Richards Jr., Antti Kalliomaki of Finland and Kjell Isaksson of Sweden have cleared 17 feet or better with the banana. Smith thinks everybody using it will be going up higher, but it is not going to be any easier to transport around the world. Bananas can be tricky things.

DRIVING BEAT

Charlie McCoy and the Jordanares cut a record in Nashville for release this month with some pretty fair country drivers: Richard Petty, Bobby Allison, Buddy Baker, David Pearson, Cale Yarborough and Darrell Waltrip. One song: a lively version of *Dead Man's Curve*.

TOM'S SWIFT LIFE

"It was like having the best of both worlds," Tom McMillen was saying last week in his digs at Oxford. Also, the onetime All-America admitted, it had been something of a rat race since he turned down rich offers from the Buffalo Braves and the Virginia Squires to lead the double life of a Rhodes scholar and a professional basketball player. "These have been the most difficult weeks of my life."

Considering his schedule, small wonder.

McMillen's team, Virtus Sinudyne of Bologna, plays at least 50 games. So far this season it has been to Israel and Leningrad and this month has games in Le Mans, France, and Split, Yugoslavia. In a typical week, McMillen will fly out of London on Tuesday night or Wednesday morning for a European Cup game, return Thursday morning for classes, fly to Italy Friday night for practice on Saturday and a league game Sunday, then home. When his return to London is fogged in—winters in northern Italy are times of mists and lowering clouds—he is driven to Rome for a 6 a.m. Monday flight. He taxis 40 miles to Oxford; then it's back to work on his degree in philosophy, politics and economics.

In all, McMillen commutes 16 to 32 hours a week. He takes his books with him, and does most of his reading en route to someplace. Two weeks ago, he says, he was stranded at the Rome airport, and spent from midnight to six studying Disraeli and Gladstone for his

political institutions tutorial Monday morning. When studies and travel conflict, he adds, his tutors understand.

Italian League teams are allowed only one American player, and Sinudyne clearly considers McMillen a prize, all 6'10½" of him. Averaging 32 points a game, he has led the team from near the bottom of the league to top contention and helped sell out the 9,000-seat stadium for every game. For the season he is getting approximately \$100,000, including a traveling allowance, a car and an apartment in Bologna. There is also a \$5,000-a-year stipend from the Rhodes trust.

McMillen will lead the good but busy life for another year, then return to the U.S. to play pro ball, a better player withal, he says, since he has spent more time at forward than he did in college, handled the ball more and developed his outside game. "I think I'll be further along for the pros after getting my Oxford degree next year than I would have been had I entered fresh from Maryland. The caliber of play in Italy is on a very good college level. The top teams could do very well in the NCAA, and the Italian game is much rougher than college ball."

THEY SAID IT

• George Blanda, Oakland's superannuated placekicker, on the changes he has seen: "In 26 years in the pros I haven't noticed many. The players are faster, bigger, smarter and more disloyal to owners. That's about it."

• Hugh Durham, Florida State basketball coach, only slightly piqued after an 84-78 overtime loss to New Mexico in Albuquerque: "They let people jump over the backs of players to rebound. I'm sure if we took trampoline lessons for a couple of weeks we could adjust to the officiating."

• Bob Zuffelato, Boston College basketball coach, explaining the pressures of recruiting: "Sometimes it's frightening when you see a 19-year-old kid running down the floor with your paycheck in his mouth."

• Bum Phillips, new Houston Oilers head coach, asked if he played college football: "I thought I did, until I looked at some old game films."

• Paul Wiggin, Kansas City Chiefs' new head coach, reassuring reporters he will not object if his players hold hands in the defensive huddle: "It's fine by me as long as all of them do, not just two of them."

END

Most movers know how to handle a piano.

How about a family?

I called Allied again this time. I figured if they could do such a good job of getting that big piano up to our third floor apartment, they could get us back down again. They were a joy to watch!



Betty is right at the age when "best friends" are her whole world. I was really worried about the move. But the booklet our Allied man gave us had a different slant on the whole thing. It was a wonderful assurance.



I was too busy getting into the new job to think much about the move, but the Allied Counselor was a big help. For instance, he reminded me to get credit references from my bank... notify my credit card companies about our new address. I'd never have thought of it. That's the kind of service you appreciate.

Moving furniture is easy.
What's harder to figure out is how to move a really fragile thing like a family.

How to pad the emotional bumps for children who may never see their best friends again.

How to cushion the feelings of a wife who's finally got the house all decorated just the way she always wanted it.

To get a better understanding of this, we started years ago working with psychologists, family life counselors and other experts to find out

how we could move your family, as well as your furniture, without throwing it out of tune.

When you call your Allied agent, ask him for the booklets he has about moving and the family. Children, wives, husbands. While they don't attempt to give you "pat answers", they're the most anybody knows, today, about the adventure of moving.

He'll also be very careful with your piano.

ALLIED VAN LINES

We move families, not just furniture.



BIDDING WITH A KICK

Shock waves went out after an Italian pair was caught playing footsie at the world bridge championships. When only a reprimand followed, the American team seethed, but the old Blues won again **by WALTER BINGHAM**



The joke circulating in the lobby of the Southampton Princess in Bermuda last week was that when the Italians wrapped up another world championship of bridge—which they did with a heroic, come-from-behind finish—the orchestra at the victory banquet would play Cole Porter's *I Get a Kick Out of You*. Italy, it was noted, is shaped like a boot, and midway through the stormy tournament, Alfred Sheinwold, the captain of the all-U.S. North American team, received a telegram from Eric Murray, the Canadian expert, offering his services. "I play a reasonable game," wired Murray, "and take a size 14 shoe."

Italy had the championship again, its 15th in the last 18 years, but the U.S. contingent felt that Italy had also cheated again, this time employing a little footsie under the table. During the uproar that this accusation caused, tempers on both sides flared, and it seemed for a time as if the tournament might have to be disbanded. Eventually play continued, but to the end there remained an unpleasant coolness between the U.S. and Italian camps.

The final match was as wild and as nerve-racking as the game can get. With their marvelous pair of Benito Garozzo and Giorgio Belladonna, the Italians had played so impeccably early in the week

that it seemed impossible they could lose, especially since the Americans had looked lackluster at best. But, surprisingly, the U.S. team moved out in front of them in the first session, increasing its lead to 46 and then to 72 international match points by the time half the 96 boards had been played. A laughter.

Then the Italian machine began to purr and the U.S. faltered, bidding slam where only game was possible and stopping at game when slam was possible. The lead shrank to 46 and then to 24 going into the final 16-board session. Before a packed audience, the Italians went ahead at board 86 and won going away. All over the room happy Italians sobbed hysterically and kissed each other. Italy had done it again.

Now back to those feet. For years it had been whispered that, good as they were, some Italian pairs were cheating. Just how, no one was certain, but one thing causing suspicion was the remarkable number of killing leads made by the Italians when no such leads were called for from the bidding. After the 1958 championships, America's volatile Tobin Stone flatly declared the Italians had cheated. He was censured for his remarks and banned from the next national tournament. Since then others have been more cautious, but last summer Freddie Sheinwold wrote an article for a bridge magazine intimating the same thing. The

Italians, furious, called for Sheinwold's ouster as captain. When it was finally ruled that the U.S. could choose whom-ever it wanted, Garozzo said he would wait in the lobby of the Southampton Princess and take a punch at Sheinwold when he arrived. He did not, but neither did he shake hands.

On the first evening of play a Philadelphia newspaperman named Bruce Keidan offered to monitor one of the matches. He and a Bermuda bridge official were assigned to France vs. Italy, represented by Gianfranco Facchini and Sergio Zucchelli. The Italian team was not considered as strong as some in the past, with only the devastating Garozzo and Belladonna remaining from the old Blue Team, but Facchini and Zucchelli had recently scored some uncanny victories in big-money European events.

Keidan took his position at a corner of the table and began to record the bids and play on his side. Suddenly, on board three, he was astonished to see Facchini's right foot move forward and press down firmly—once, twice—on Zucchelli's left shoe. "There was absolutely no doubt in my mind it was intentional,"

continued

Foot soldier Zucchelli (left) had his toes tapped by partner Facchini. Organizers subsequently put a small table under the playing surface to disrupt pedal communication.



Keidan said later. "Apart from everything else, what do you do if your feet are planted on the floor underneath a table and someone steps on them? You move them. Zucchelli never moved."

In addition to performing his official duties, Keidan began recording the foot movements of the Italian pair, or rather Facchini's movements, since Zucchelli never altered his position. On board seven Facchini did it again, a slight tap this time but a solid hit nonetheless. Four more times in the 16-board session Facchini's foot moved forward, and when play was over, Keidan found Bobby Wolff, one of the U.S. players, and told him that he wanted to meet with Sheinwold and Edgar Kaplan, a longtime U.S. expert and a member of the appeals committee, later that evening. Keidan, meanwhile, had to go back to monitor another session of the elimination round.

At 3 a.m., Keidan went to the American team suite with Kaplan and Wolff and there described to the American captain the Facchini-Zucchelli footplay. "When Bruce told me what he had witnessed I could believe it," recalls Sheinwold. "Earlier that evening, down in the view-graph room, we had watched Facchini open the 10 of spades from a holding of 10, nine, five, three when he also held four clubs to the queen, jack, nine. The club queen is the more natural lead with no bidding to guide you, but Facchini chose the spade 10 and found his partner with the ace, king. The lead was inexplicable. Finally there was an explanation."

There followed 24 hours of secret meetings and whispered conversations as World Bridge Federation officials attempted to slip reliable witnesses into the room where the two Italians were playing, without arousing suspicion. Federation President Julius Rosenblum watched several hands and emerged to say he found nothing conclusive. Other observers noticed more. Jim O'Sullivan of Australia, a member of the federation board, had been a staunch defender of Italian integrity and had publicly called the Americans paranoid for their previous accusations. What he saw upset him so much that he left the room and was sick to his stomach.

The Italian and American teams were scheduled to play on Sunday evening, and some American advisers felt the news



With bidding curves open, Eisenberg (left) and Kantor (right) play Garozzo and Belledonne.

should be suppressed until after the match so that European members of the federation could have a chance to watch the Italian pair before the Italians learned of the discovery and began keeping their feet to themselves. But bridge folk are among the world's great gossips, and so on Sunday afternoon the news exploded around the lobby of the hotel and ultimately around the world.

After postponing the Italy-U.S. match until Monday afternoon, members of the federation gathered in a boardroom off the lobby to debate whether or not Facchini and Zucchelli were guilty and, if so, what action to take.

Meanwhile, in its rooms, the U.S. team was deciding that if the Italian pair was not barred from the rest of the tournament and matches already played forfeited, it would pack and go home.

At 3:30 a.m. the federation meeting adjourned and Rosenblum emerged to

read a statement saying "... it was resolved after hearing voluminous testimony that Gianfranco Facchini and Sergio Zucchelli be severely reprimanded for improper conduct with respect to actions of Mr. Facchini moving his feet unnaturally and touching his partner's feet during the auction and before the opening lead." Translation: "Yes, they did it but this is a very embarrassing situation and we think the best thing to do is forget it happened and hope it goes away."

The U.S. team was naturally incensed, especially since "severely reprimanded" meant no penalty at all. The Americans issued a statement saying that they endorsed the verdict of guilty but deplored the failure of the federation to bar the Italian pair. This in turn angered the Italians, who pointed out that the official statement had never used the word "guilty."

Ironically, this was to have been one



world championship in which cheating would be impossible. Or nearly so. Specially constructed bidding screens spanned the tables diagonally so that a player could not see his partner and only one of his opponents. A red velvet screen was drawn shut during the bidding and until after the opening lead, whereupon it was pulled open, much like the start of a puppet show. As a further precaution, the players were not to utter a word while bidding. Hesitation in bidding is among the more sophisticated forms of cheating. The opponents bid one spade. Silence. Then a pass. How long was that silence? One second? Three? Five? Practiced partnerships are as precise in their timing as Kenny Stabler and Fred Biletnikoff. A two-second pause can mean one thing, three another.

And so little boxes containing every possible bid were attached to the tables in front of each player. North would

study his hand, reach into his box and produce a one-heart symbol. He would show it to East, who would consider his hand and then pull out a green card with "pass" written on it. Only then, in carefully expressionless tones, would the monitor at the corner of the table announce both bids, so that if one of the players had deliberated at length, the players on the other side of the screen theoretically would not know which of the two had taken so long.

With these guards against hanky-panky, the American team felt it had a reasonable chance to win. It was, in the opinion of other U.S. experts on the scene, only a fair team. But the bridge world is a catty one and "other" experts almost always feel there are better players available—themselves.

Of the six U.S. players, the two Bobs from Dallas—Hamman and Wolff—were considered the steadiest pair. In Bermuda, Wolff acted as a sort of unofficial captain during the cheating crisis while Hamman was the team wit. When one player justified his not bidding a slam because it depended on a finesse to succeed, Hamman shouted, "My God, life is a finesse." There was also the bearded Bill Eisenberg, who had just won the world championship of backgammon and who was to play the best bridge of the U.S. team. His partner was Eddie Kantar, the bridge teacher and writer. The last pair was John Swanson and Paul Soloway, a partnership of such uneven temperaments and bridge-playing tempos that it threatened to become totally unraveled midway through the tournament.

After the six-day round-robin had eliminated Brazil from the competition, Italy faced Indonesia in one semifinal while the U.S. and France met in the other. In the early going Indonesia was ahead, but eventually Italy moved into such a commanding lead that Garozzo and Belladonna were rested for the last session. The U.S.-France semifinal was a hair-raiser. The U.S. held the lead through three quarters, but in the last 16 boards France closed the gap. In one room, when Kantar misjudged a situation, his partner Eisenberg, in an attempt to show he had not lost his cool, stuck a piece of gum in his mouth and tried to light it with a match. The Americans emerged winners by 12 IMPs.

In the final, along with Garozzo and

Belladonna, Italy started Facchini and Zucchelli—the foot soldiers, as the U.S. team now called them. Sheinwold threatened to send his team home—it had been rumored that the "reprimand" statement included a suggestion that the two would not play against the U.S. The Italians accused Sheinwold of waging a war of nerves and even some Americans began to refer to Sheinwold as Woody Hayes.

In any case, Facchini and Zucchelli were ineffective and were replaced by Vito Pittala and Arturo Franco. Once, the peerless Garozzo wandered into a three-no-trump contract and 500 people in the view-graph room could see that Eisenberg held eight clubs headed by the ace-king-queen-jack. When the bidding was over and Eisenberg was about to lead, he slowly showed his hand to Garozzo and smiled. The Italian went down five. But Garozzo had the final smile. On one of the last hands of the match, with Italy now ahead, he bid a grand slam with cards on which the other U.S. team had bid and made six no trump. Belladonna was playing the hand and when he saw the dummy he gagged visibly. It contained the ace-queen of trumps doubleton and he himself was missing five trumps including the king. To make the contract he needed to find the king doubleton of trumps to his left, precisely that. Which is the way it was. Had the king been to his right, or had it been a tripleton, the swing would have been 29 IMPs, enough to give the U.S. the world championship by three. But as Bob Hamman would be the first to say, life is a finesse. It also helps if you are fast on your feet.

END

These boxes contained all the possible bids.



BAYI RUNS BY HIS OWN RULES

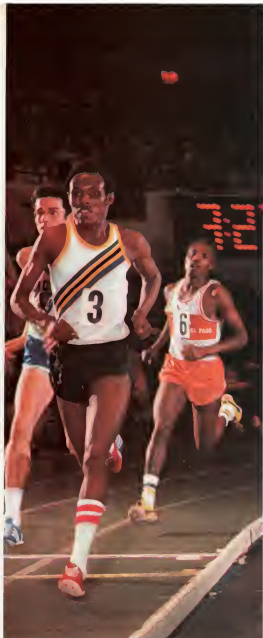
*Which say get in front and stay there.
That he did in his indoor mile debut*

by RON REID

A few hours before the 68th running of the Millrose Games, in a New York hotel lobby spiced with the split times and esoteric distances of indoor track conversation, Brooks Johnson addressed himself to the subject of talent vs. technique. "The great ones," said Johnson, who has developed several national champions as coach of the Sports International Club of Washington, D.C., "always do some things no one else does. But that doesn't matter. The thing is to forget about the violations of form. Form doesn't run fast, talent does. Our problem in this country is that we can't recognize genius unless it follows the old familiar patterns."

Nonetheless, increased public awareness soon may be in order for 21-year-old Filbert Bayi of Tanzania, whose pattern-flouting U.S. debut last Friday night in the Millrose Wanamaker Mile seemed reason enough for keen anticipation along the indoor track circuit the next few weeks. While Bayi's style may break the rules of pace, it also breaks the tape.

As performances go, Bayi's victory before a record crowd of 17,606 in Madison Square Garden was neither the fastest nor the most competitive mile run this season. His performance was more an imitation of his unusual style than an outright example of it. Yet even before the finish, before he had lowered the Millrose record to 3:59.3, the audience knew it was witnessing something special. But for a certain hesitancy Bayi displayed in his first-ever tour of the boards, the crowd might have marveled even more



at-a runner attacking the race, the clock and his competition from the start rather than in a rush at the finish.

Before Bayi exploded to a world-record 3:32.2 in the 1,500 meters at the British Commonwealth Games in New Zealand last year—a time that track statisticians insist is equivalent to a 3:49.2 mile—classic strategy at these classic distances was to run three nearly even quarters, avoiding the lead if possible until the last lap and, ideally, accelerating into a sprint only once. Some fine milers have ignored this ideal in the past—front-runners Gil Dodds and John Landy are notable examples—but few have ever gone out from the gun as quickly as Bayi. His kick begins with the starter's pistol and is stunning. He has run a first half in 1:52, and if that isn't suicidal enough, how about a 52-second leadoff quarter?

Along with his daring sense of pace, Bayi has impressive stamina. He spent a good part of his boyhood chasing his dog Simba as the dog in turn chased gazelles over the foothills of Mt. Kilimanjaro in his native Tanzania, and he apparently never learned you are supposed to get tired running fast over a long distance. Or that it is wiser to conserve energy in a race than go all out from the start.

The only track trauma of his career have occurred when he tried to compete like one of his more conventional opponents. As a 19-year-old in the 1972 Olympics he was jostled, elbowed and spiked in a 1,500-meter heat. That, he says, persuaded him to run in front of the pack rather than with it. Yet last July, on a tour of Europe, Bayi inexplicably took the advice of some Swedish journalists and opted for "form" by running with the ruck in a 1,500-meter race in Oslo. He was spiked and his European tour was finished all too soon.

Even so, Bayi was not at all certain last Friday afternoon that those lessons could be applied to his first indoor meet, which he approached like a man eating his first oyster. Tactics on the tightly turned track seemed less important to him than the problem of breathing. "The track is all right," he said after a brief warmup, "but I don't know how will be the indoor air."

That night in the Garden, whose aura

is equal parts sweat, analgesic, tobacco smoke and mustard, he said, "The atmosphere will be some difference. It seems to me to be very hot. I don't know how I will run. It is my first time indoors and I can't guess at it. After my first quarter I will see how my pace is." Bayi's English has a near-Calypto lilt. His native tongue is Kuraqwa, a tribal language of Arabic origin, and he is also fluent in Swahili.

The field he was to face lost some luster during the week when Tony Waldrop, who a year ago set an indoor world record of 3:55 in the mile, announced his withdrawal from the rest of the indoor season because of flu and other minor miseries. Marty Liquori, who ran a 3:57.7 a few weeks ago and figured to give Bayi his strongest challenge, had a throbbing wisdom tooth that had been infected for 10 days.

As it was, Bayi's best competition came from two lesser-known milers. For the first 2½ laps the race was led by 19-year-old Tom Byers of Ohio State. Bayi, running cautiously for him, took over the lead after 400 yards, with Brigham Young's Paul Cummings, the NCAA champion, now a stride behind. That is the way it stayed through a 58.3 first quarter, a 1:59.1 half and a 3:00.2 split at three quarters. The pace was slowing—it had not been sensationally fast in any case—and it seemed more than possible that Cummings might outspurt Bayi to the tape. When the twosome was joined by Wilson Waigwa, the Texas-El Paso Kenyan, the feeling grew that Bayi might lose. The rest of the pack, including the fading Byers and a heavy-footed Liquori, trailed by 15 yards.

Cummings made a bid for the lead with 240 yards left, but Bayi held him off with moderate, but lethal, acceleration. Cummings tried it again at the gun lap, with a similar lack of success. Bayi merely ran a little faster, and held on to win by three yards. Cummings was second in a good 3:59.6, Waigwa third in 4:00.2, Liquori was an aching fourth in 4:07.8.

"I felt all right," Bayi said. "My goal was to make four or four-O-two or something like that. I'm happy with my time."

During a postrace interview it was discovered that Bayi thought Cummings was Liquori. He had expected his challenge to come from Liquori and he had credited Cummings' moves to Marty. Maybe all Americans look alike.

"Hey, I don't know him," Bayi said with a laugh. "I just look quickly behind me and then I go ahead."

Despite his good performance, Cummings was disappointed he had not won. Asked if he had made his move too soon, he said, "No, if anything it was too late. I think I should have made it earlier. A little earlier and a little harder, just to go past him when he didn't expect it. That's half of it, you know, to get by him."

Liquori said, "I kept a little hope for the first half mile, but when I heard I was only 2:03 and I felt like it was 1:59, I knew I was in trouble."

"It should be easier to beat him indoors," Liquori added. "Outdoors he's much harder to catch. I want to run against him this summer in Europe, where it counts." Unfortunately, summer may be the earliest rematch between these two milers, with the possible exception of the AAU Championships in New York on Feb. 28. Bayi is scheduled to run the mile in the *Los Angeles Times* meet this Friday, in San Diego on Feb. 15 and twice more in New York before returning to Africa. Liquori is committed to other competitions.

But one superior runner who will face Bayi is Rick Wohlhuter, the half-mile world-record holder. Wohlhuter has been undefeated in 26 races at various distances, indoors and out, for more than a year and has run a 3:57.7 mile (though on a 220-yard track). He will challenge Bayi in San Diego.

After the Millrose Games, where he won the half-mile in 1:51, Wohlhuter said, "I really wasn't that impressed. I think I can take him in San Diego. I don't think Cummings has a tremendous kick and that's why he didn't do it. He's got to push it over a longer distance, whereas I think I could strike quick and get him. I might have to wait until the last five yards to do it, but so be it."

Bayi broke one other record by becoming the first visiting trackman in memory to say he actually liked his stay in New York. "At home in Dar es Salaam," he said, "when you run five miles you sweat. When you sweat, you lose minerals and salt. But in New York you can run 15 miles without sweating."

"I coach myself," he added. "We don't have personal coaches. I have never had a personal coach. I think it is better. I know what I am doing."

The great ones usually do.

END

Cummings (left) and Waigwa took aim on the leader but Bayi (2) held them off to win easily.



The Canadiens attack their former goaltender, but fellow castoff Larry Brown bats them.

WAIFS WHO DARE TO DARKEN DOORS

The Los Angeles Kings, mostly men cast out by other teams, have risen up in the Norris Division to confound their rejectors **by MARK MULVOY**

There are some things you might enjoy knowing about the Los Angeles Kings. They are a hockey team. Goaltender Rogatien Vachon answers to the name "Bono" because of a strong resemblance to Cher's ex. General Manager Jake Milford was once traded for a set of used goal nets. Center Vic Venasky and Right Wing Mike Murphy are brothers-in-law. Center Gene Carr's father-in-law owns a Mercedes-Benz dealership. Carr and six teammates all drive Mercedes. Coach Bob Pulford drives a Mercedes, too. Murphy's father operates a Volkswagen dealership. Murphy drives a new Corvette. Left Wing Danny MacLoney is the best pure puncher in hockey. Center Butch Goring travels lightly, usually with only a toothbrush, and is called Seed, short for seedy. Defenseman

Terry Harper flies his own six-seat Beechcraft V-35A and is installing a sauna, complete with Tiffany lamps and terrariums, in his oceanfront residence. Defenseman Bob Murdoch built a corral behind his house for his horse. And Defenseman Sheldon Kannegiesser wants to buy up the world's gold supply.

So much for the Rona Barrett report. What you really ought to know about the Kings is that they call themselves Team Castoff because, well, they are a band of discards, sort of the Washington Redskins of the National Hockey League. Sixteen of the 20 players on the roster arrived on the West Coast with "reject" stamped on their foreheads. "Nobody liked us," Murphy says. "We were the expendables, the guys who usually didn't dress for the games." Or as

Carr says, "We were the guys who rode the pine. The bench."

But last week there was Team Castoff shredding the New York Rangers—with the Off-Broadway Line of ex-Rangers Carr, Murphy and Tom Williams doing much of the damage—and the Washington Capitals to take a two-point lead over the Montreal Canadiens atop the Norris Division. And then, on Saturday night, came the Canadiens themselves skating into the Forum—not the Forum in Montreal, mind you, but The Forum in Inglewood—to challenge the Kings in the first "big" game ever played on Southern California ice. It was a game big enough to have the sculptors asking \$130 for a pair of \$8.75 loge seats.

Like most hockey people, the Canadiens were baffled by the presence of the Kings, of all teams, in first place. The Canadiens, remember, were going to clinch the divisional championship no later than Christmas. Back in early December, Montreal began a six-week tear during which it went 21 games without a defeat, but was still unable to shake the dogged Kings. "I thought we'd lose them when they went on the road for seven straight games," said Canadian Coach Scotty Bowman. No such luck. The Kings won six of those seven games, including a 6-3 triumph over the Canadiens in the Forum, and slipped past Montreal into first place.

In reconstructing the Kings by recycling players, Pulford had gone heavily for defensive types. Harper and Murdoch, ex-Canadien defensemen, rarely if ever carry the puck much past the red line, but they rarely leave Vachon or his backup, Gary Edwards, in distress around the goal either. At the same time, forwards such as Bob Nevin, Murphy, Carr and Williams will never challenge Phil Esposito for the scoring championship, but they all check persistently and rarely get caught out of position. As a result, the Kings rank No. 2 in goals-against in the entire NHL, and before the Montreal game they had the fewest losses (eight) in the league.

For "Bono" Vachon and his fellow rejects, the emergence of the Kings as a legitimate hockey power has helped rebuild egos that were shattered when they were dispatched to California by the Sam

Pollocks and the Emile Francis of the NHL. "I played on three Stanley Cup winners in Montreal," Vachon says, "but they put my number on the rack when Dryden came up. They never gave me the chance to win my job back." At present Vachon has the lowest goals-against average in the league—1.94, almost a full goal lower than Ken Dryden's average with Montreal—and was a unanimous selection for the recent All-Star Game. "I'm making fewer mistakes now," he says, "because I think I'm concentrating more. And I am more disciplined. One thing about playing out here is that you can leave the game at the rink. If I had a bad game for Montreal, I couldn't stop for a cup of coffee without a couple of people telling me how terrible I was."

Murdoch played for one Stanley Cup champion in Montreal, but he never felt he was part of the Canadiens. "I was one of a cast of thousands," he says. "I never felt significant." Early this season Murdoch beat Dryden, his old roommate, with a shot and then mailed Dryden the puck as a Christmas present. Also a member of the midseason All-Star team, Murdoch was a dominant figure in L.A.'s 6-3 win at Montreal. Late in the game Serge Savard of the Canadiens ran his old friend Vachon into the boards, knocking him to the ice. Murdoch, who had just lost a fight to Montreal rookie Doug Risebrough, chased after Savard, tapped him across the back of the shoulders with his stick, grabbed him by the legs and put him down on the ice. "I bled all over him," says Murdoch. Vachon appreciates Murdoch's gallantry. "We're winning because we're together," he says. "When Bobby went after Serge, he did it to protect me."

Nevin, a 36-year-old right wing, is one of seven former Rangers on the Kings roster. Two years ago he was passed from Minnesota to Los Angeles in something called the reverse draft, which is the lowest and crudest procedure teams employ to inform a player that his days are limited. "I remember telling Pulford at training camp that if Nevin made our club we wouldn't have a very good one," says Milford. So Nevin leads the Kings in scoring with 21 goals and 28 assists, and joins with Butch Goring to form the NHL's leading penalty-killing tandem.

While Los Angeles represented the last chance for Nevin, it was sort of a mystery city for both Murphy and Carr. At

one time in their careers they figured in the same trade, with Murphy moving from New York to St. Louis while Carr went the opposite way. The following season Murphy, 24, was traded back to New York, where he assumed he would have a semi-secure future. "Francis told me he had plans for me," Murphy says. "What he didn't say was that he planned to trade me again." Arriving in Los Angeles a year ago, Murphy had what he called a "hard head." "I thought I was better than I was, so I came with a negative attitude," he says. "I tried to let the people here know that I was doing them a favor by playing for them. It took a while, but I finally came around. And now I've learned to keep my mouth shut, too." Murphy and his wife of seven months, Yvonne, have settled temporarily in Marina Del Rey. "We walk on the beach the afternoon of a game," he says. "It relaxes me. My wife didn't know much, if anything, about hockey before we were married, so she doesn't know whether I have played good or bad in a game. I like that. She can't give me hell."

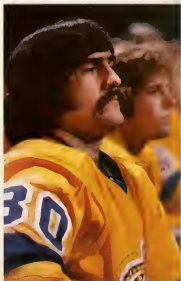
The 23-year-old Carr was considered New York's first flake when he arrived from St. Louis with his flowing blond locks and outlandish attire. He even wrote poetry in his spare time. "I'm really just a rookie," he says. "I wasted three years in New York, never playing more than eight or 10 games. They never gave me a chance." Ironically, New York beat Montreal in the 1972 Stanley Cup playoffs on the strength of Carr's superb checking against Yvan Courmoyer. "I told Francis one afternoon last year that I was going to sign with Vancouver of the WHA the next day. He traded me to L.A. about six hours later." So far this season Carr has played regularly, but not without further frustration, hitting 23 goalposts at last count. He has had five goals and 20 assists, though, while setting up plays for Murphy (the Kings' No. 2 scorer with 17 goals and 26 assists) and Williams, who has 18 goals already. "It's funny," Carr says. "We played together in New York, but the Rangers didn't stick with us. Now, well, let's say that we've proved something to a lot of people back there."

Team Castoff seemed understandably tight before the start of Saturday's game. Vachon, who had injured his groin in Friday's workout, was not cleared for duty until after the pregame drill. Predictably, the Canadiens came out charging. They

had spent the previous four days in seclusion at Squaw Valley, thinking, as Courmoyer said, about how the Kings had handled them so well back in Montreal. Unfortunately for the Kings, Carr was ejected from the game in its early moments when he intruded as the third man during a minor altercation between Murphy and Peter Mahovlich. For his part, Vachon had little control of his feet around the net and relied primarily on his glove to foil the Canadiens, particularly Guy Lafleur, who is the most exciting forward in the NHL right now.

Montreal took a 2-0 lead early in the second period, but the Kings rallied to tie the score on goals by Maloney, an ex-Black Hawk, and Bob Berry, who labored in the Canadiens' minor league system for a number of years. Larry Robinson then put Montreal back in front 3-2, but Berry—this time on an artificial mid-air deflection at the goal mouth—tied the score once again. Then, in the traditional Canadian manner, Jacques Lemaire broke the tie on a Montreal power play and Serge Savard followed moments later with a shorthanded goal to give the Canadiens a 5-3 victory and move them into a tie for first place with the Kings. Will Christmas ever come for Montreal? Maybe. Maybe not. **END**

Vachon earned a show-biz nickname: Bone.





A TWO-ARMED BANDIT HITS THE JACKPOT

In a ballyhooed big-money match in Las Vegas that actually lived up to its billing, young Jimmy Connors blackjacked Rod Laver **by JOE JARES**

Jimmy Connors was sauntering through the casino of the Tropicana Hotel in Las Vegas one night last week when he saw an elderly woman, boozed up to her eyeballs, put a silver dollar into a slot machine, yank the handle and walk unsteadily away. Jackpot! Down cascaded 100 silver dollars, but the woman, oblivious, kept walking. Connors chased after her and brought her back.

"Oh, they're too heavy," she mumbled, as Connors helped her fill her purse with coins.

"I'm afraid to walk up to my room alone," she said, so Connors graciously accompanied her.

At the door she turned around and offered him a dollar tip, which he refused.

"Here, take it, honey," she said as she pressed the coin into his hand. "It might be the start of your fortune."

Jimmy Connors, America's most extraordinary tennis player, was already nicely on his way to a fortune, having won \$285,490 on various courts in 1974. And last Sunday in a nationally televised challenge match at Caesars Palace, advertised as "\$100,000 winner take all," he met Australia's Rod Laver for the first time ever and beat him 6-4, 6-2, 3-6, 7-5. He won it in his usual manner: fighting with the crowd, flipping obscene gestures, strutting, posing and hitting wickedly hard ground strokes from opening serve to match point.

Ironically, his victory came at about the same time the United States Davis Cup team was beaten by Mexico in Palm Springs and thus, for the second straight year, was embarrassingly out of competition before it had really begun.

Connors has repeatedly refused to play

Davis Cup matches for the present U.S. coach and administration, but it has not hurt him financially. With his \$100,000 check, a new Buick Riviera (the third car he has won in the last eight months) and TV appearance money, he left Las Vegas richer by close to \$150,000. Laver did not do so badly for a loser in a "winner-take-all" match; insiders said he went home with about \$60,000.

Ballyhoo for the match so resembled the hammy, theatrical buildup for a big fight that reporters at the Friday afternoon press conference in the Bacchanal Dining Room half expected the combatants to weigh in, exchange insults and maybe even menace each other with rackets. Caesars Palace (which, by the way, never uses an apostrophe, perhaps in an effort to reduce its printing and neon-sign bills) promoted the match as "the heavy-weight championship of tennis," although neither Laver nor Connors would qualify as heavyweights unless they first strapped on their money belts.

The whole thing started with a **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** story on Connors (SI, March 4, 1974), in which Laver said Jimmy "probably thinks he's the next best thing to 7-Up." On the insult meter that ranks just above "Why, you old sonof-a-gun," but apparently it stuck in Connors' craw. After he had annihilated Ken Rosewall in the Forest Hills final last summer, he walked off the court, handed his rackets to his manager, Bill Riordan, and uttered these immortal words: "Get me Laver."

Now Riordan's father was once a fight manager and Riordan himself once owned part of a fighter, so such anecdotes might normally be consigned to the fiction shelf, but Riordan swears that that is what Connors said.

Riordan called Laver in California, but Laver had laryngitis (or something

stuck in his own craw) and could not communicate too well. George Liddy, a Florida tennis promoter, also talked with Laver, trying to set up an October meeting in Madison Square Garden.

"You could almost feel the hostility coming through the phone," said Liddy. "Laver said, 'There's no way I'm going to play without going into training.'"

So the Garden was out and eventually Caesars Palace and CBS were in, with Liddy the promoter and Laver having plenty of time to get his 36-year-old body into shape, which he obviously did because he won the first event on the 1975 World Championship Tennis circuit, a taped-for-television affair in Puerto Rico. He was beaten in his first match at the U.S. Pro Indoor Championship in Philadelphia and was able to get to Las Vegas early, along with his coach, Roy Emerson, and his left-handed sparring partner, Mark Cox, who tried to play the role of Connors in workouts.

Connors chose to go from a tournament victory in Birmingham to the La Costa resort in California, where he trained under the direction of his coach, old pro Pancho Segura. He didn't show up in Las Vegas until Wednesday night, despite frequent bulletins that his arrival was imminent. And he never did bed down at Caesars Palace. That caused the first brouhaha, the first of many.

The Connors camp felt that the number of rooms and complimentary tickets offered it by the hotel were "completely unacceptable," so Connors and his mother Gloria stayed in the sumptuous Eldorado suite at the Tropicana, courtesy of one of its owners, Ash Resnick. Caesars was putting up all those chips and the Tropicana was horn-ing in on the publicity for a small ante.

The daily workouts at the new Caesars Palace Tennis Pavilion, advertised as costing \$500,000, were open to the public, and what with the oohing, aahing and chattering spectators and the workmen putting the finishing touches on the 4,000-seat corrugated-steel building, there was a high noise level. Reporters took to calling it Caesars Garage.

It was like a fight camp, except that instead of going three rounds with his sparring partner Ian Crookenden, Connors

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY TRIOLO

Laver was game, but Connors had the hot hand and won \$100,000 at Caesars Palace.

nors stayed a good distance from him and flailed away with his Wilson T-2000, a racket strung so tight that any normal player using it would find himself playing jai alai against the far wall. T-2000s are available to the public, but they aren't quite the same. The company makes up Connors' specially for him.

Laver also looked impressive in the workouts and seemed fit enough to easily go four or five tough sets.

"It won't be as tiring as having to play several days in a tournament and my experience should mean a great deal against Connors' youth," said Laver. "I am very happy with my form. I've been going four or five hours on a daily program because I feel my game needs that kind of work. My adrenalin is pumping hard."

There was an undercurrent of hostility between the two left-handers that was no gimmick. It was as obvious as a 200-watt light bulb covered by a flimsy curtain. When Connors was late for the Friday press conference, Laver was annoyed and needed him about not playing for the Davis Cup. When they left the Pavilion to go around to the front of the hotel to pose for photographs, they went in separate cars. When Connors overheard someone say, "Those bastards won the coin flip," he glared at the man and said, "Mister Bastard to you."

There were not many friendly moments, but one was provided by Vin Scully, the broadcaster for the Los Angeles Dodgers, who was making his first foray into tennis announcing. He was at courtside every day carefully doing his homework, digging for background and tidbits, just as he does in baseball.

"CBS went to a lot of time and expense to get me—for one reason," he said. "I'm left-handed."

The hassles followed in rapid succession, coming and going faster than the silver dollars in the casino—The Great Bull Dispute, The Great Can Opening Dispute, The Great Pipe Dispute and The Great Referee Dispute. All so earthshaking that they took the minds of public and press off the really vital news on the Strip—singer Paul Anka catching the flu, a bill being introduced in the State Assembly to outlaw silicone injections.

Connors found out that Laver was working out with Wilson heavy-duty balls when he had understood that Dunlop balls would be used. Wilson won out, but no matter.

"Jimmy's grown up on Wilson balls," said Riordan, "and I'm sure he can use them for the match."

Then Laver wanted the cans of balls to be opened two days before the match, so that they would not be so lively in Las Vegas' high altitude. Connors said he had never heard of such a thing and that the cans of balls should be opened just before consumption, like beer or black cherry soda. There was a coin flip to decide, and Emerson, deputized to call for Laver, called it right. The pressure on the balls, at least, would be off two days early. Then there was the crucial matter of the pipe which divided the court in half directly under the net. Would a ball dribbling over the net and bouncing off this pipe be in play? Yes, under certain conditions, said Laver. Under no conditions, said Connors, whose opinion prevailed.

"Laver wants everything his way," said Connors. "He's like a big baby."

When Pancho Gonzales, the tennis director at Caesars, was named as referee, Connors and Riordan protested and made noises about calling off the match, which no one believed. Naturally, Laver leaned in the opposite direction.

"I'm happy with Gonzales," he said.

A few heated discussions and many news stories later, a compromise was announced. Gonzales remained as referee, but Connors' two men were named umpire and deputy referee. Just who would have final say in case of an argument during the match was not clear. Calling the lines were a cluster of past greats, including Don Budge, Billy Talbert, Dick Savitt and Ted Schroeder. Nobody demanded they take eye tests.

Jimmy (The Greek) Snyder made Connors an 8-to-5 favorite early in the week but had him up to 11-to-5 by Saturday. Most of the tennis crowd hanging around Caesars during the week agreed.

The seats, priced at \$25, \$50 and \$100, were not all sold (about 3,800 people paid \$175,000), but there was a stageful of celebrities at courtside, including Johnny Carson, Alan King, Andy Williams, Clint Eastwood and Charlton Heston, into whose lap Connors almost landed after chasing one of Laver's shots. Riordan and Gloria Connors were there, as always, and the dark Ecuadorian, Segura, sat on the court like a boxer's corner man. Ordinarily, Pancho Segura is as entertaining a companion as one could want at a tennis match, calling shots and

criticizing strategy. But any match that includes his boy "Jeemy" turns him into a dish of chocolate Jell-O.

When Laver came onto the court Sunday morning for the showdown, Connors was jumping up and down like a boxer warming up for a bout while Riordan gave him a pep talk and pummeled him lightly in the stomach. All the time he was jumping, Connors was looking toward Laver and muttering something, psyching himself up. One could imagine Riordan saying, "He can't hurt us, Champ. He won't lay a glove on us." Laver appeared relaxed, as if he were about to begin a stroll through a peaceful garden on a fine spring day.

Connors won the first two sets without having his serve broken, and it seemed obvious that the money, the car and the revenge were his. He was going to prove in short order that he was better than 7-Up, more like a vintage champagne worth revering. Suddenly Laver's serve, which had been pretty good all along, got much better and the fans, almost unanimously on his side, screamed and whistled at every ace, at every crisp volley, every time he held serve, every time he wiped his brow. The Aussie won the third set 6-3.

The fourth set brought, in addition to Laver's defeat, a game that some of the audience thought was the most thrilling they had ever seen. Connors was leading 5-4, Laver was serving. Laver's fifth ace made it 40-30, but Connors hit a forehand screacher down the line to make it deuce, and from there on they played 16 more points before Laver finally won the game. The score went to deuce eight times and Connors had match point five times. Twice Laver served aces with match point against him. And for just the kind of spice that was not needed, Connors responded to Comedienne Totie Fields' heckling with a tasteless gesture.

Perhaps that game took too much out of Laver. When he next served, trailing 5-6, Connors broke him easily, at love, finally making good on his sixth match point.

Now Connors may say, "Get me Newcombe" or "Get me Borg" or "While you're up, get me a Vilas," but what would Laver do if a rematch were offered?

"I'd give it some thought," he said, "but I'd like to be maybe a year younger."

END

OUR NEW NOVA.

IT OUGHT TO BE A GREAT CAR. WE'VE BEEN IMPROVING IT FOR 14 YEARS.

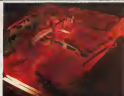
Fortunately, we had a great idea from the word go, and never let go. The very first Nova was compact, roomy, economical, solid, comfortable, and designed to ride and perform very nicely. A very sensible form of transportation, if we do say so ourselves. And that's just what it's been ever since.

NOVA HISTORY AT A GLANCE.

In 1962, we were satisfying most Nova fans with three Nova models and a standard 4-cylinder engine. And we offered up to two available radios (pushbutton or manual). You could even order a Powerglide transmission. (Remember Powerglide!)

But over the years, more and more Americans came to expect more and more from a compact car. So our compact got better and better, in lots of subtle but essential ways. For instance, the second-edition Nova had new self-adjusting brakes, a new battery-saving generator and numerous other refinements.

In the years that followed, we continued to make changes—and add Novas—the ones Nova buyers wanted and needed. All of which brings us to 1975, and Nova's finest hour.



To begin with, Nova's styling has been emphatically refined along the lines of elegant European sedans. So now it's not only one of the most practical cars on the road, but also one of the smartest looking. And there's a brand-new top-of-the-line Nova to emphasize this.

ANNOUNCING THE '75 NOVA LN.

That's it below. Chevrolet's most luxurious compact ever.

Nova LN comes complete with wide-back reclining front seats, real lounge-chair comfort, and very tasteful color coordination, inside and out.

CHEVROLET'S NEW EFFICIENCY SYSTEM.

It's a big improvement over '74: a happy combination of V8 power, unleaded fuel, a catalytic converter, easy-rolling steel-belted radial ply tires and many engine refinements such as High Energy Ignition. The net result is a '75 Nova that runs leaner (i.e., more economically), runs cleaner, requires less scheduled maintenance and can save you money in overall operating economy.

That's it. The new Nova. You might simply say that, as usual, it's come up to expectations. But that's saying a lot.



GM

CHEVROLET
MAKES SENSE
FOR AMERICA

Chevrolet

AND STILL A CLASSIC OF COOL

in his eighth pro season the pressure is on the Knicks' Walt Frazier as never before. But he remains basketball's best guard, and while his life-style is less gaudy, the thermometer is steady **by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**

The New York Knicks had just lost to Golden State, but Walt Frazier, as usual, had things well under control. Back at the Oakland motel where he and his Knick teammates were staying, Frazier joined some friends in the cocktail lounge. He finished off a glass or two of wine and danced with one of the women in the group, a comely brunette. The party was still going strong when Frazier abruptly got up and announced grandly, "I'm going to have a bowl of granola and go to sleep."

Now you see him, now you don't. Same thing on the basketball court. He goes half-speed for a few steps and you think you have a fix on him, and then suddenly he has the ball out of your hands or is past you for two points. He is Clyde, remember, the Knicks' wily, wisecracking man about town. It is scarcely any secret that Walt Frazier drives a Rolls-Royce, that not long ago he moved into a 45th-floor apartment on New York's East Side, a 7½-room spread that he is now sprucing up with a pool table and sauna. The apartment has a dozen closets which are already so crowded with velour suits, flowing capes and the like that Frazier has to hang his \$3,000 black ranchmink coat in one of the bathrooms.

On the other hand, there are intriguing signs that Frazier is reducing the voltage of his storied life-style. In recent months he has taken to smoking a pipe. He has also been seen now and then wearing neckties. His new apartment is done in beiges and browns, a far cry from the dominant lavender of his previous place. He still sleeps in a mink-covered round bed, but the nine-foot mirror that was on the ceiling of his old bedroom is gone. As for choosing granola over brunettes, Frazier allows, "After playing one game in an evening, I sometimes don't feel like playing another."

The fact is that Walt Frazier will turn 30 next month and he is starting to look, sound and act just a tad venerable. Standing the other evening at his living-room window, his trimmed beard silhouetted like a hedgerow against the illuminated Manhattan skyline, Frazier said softly,



FRAZIER AT WORK, MOTORING DOWNCOURT, AND (RIGHT) AT PLAY, STRIKING A POSE

"I've always picked my spots. I still like to rip and run but I know I can't go like I used to and still play good ball."

Now in his eighth NBA season, Frazier has reached a crossroads of sorts. With the retirements this year of Oscar Robertson and Jerry West, it is permissible at long last to say unequivocally that he is the best all-round guard in pro basketball, stature he underscored by winning the MVP award in last month's NBA All-Star Game. And with the departures of Willis Reed and Dave DeBusschere, Frazier is the most prominent link to the Knick teams that won two NBA championships and awakened fans—or at least New York sportswriters—to the joys of team defense and hitting the open man. Just now the Knicks are barely above .500 and struggling to make the playoffs. But thanks largely to Frazier, enough of their old mystique remains to pull big crowds both at Madison Square Garden and on the road.

A fixture on every list of best-dressed or most-eligible athletes (he was married while attending Southern Illinois but has been separated for seven years), Walt Frazier is also the personification of cool, this both by his own estimate and that of the sneakered youngsters who collect outside dressing rooms in all the NBA cities and slap palms as Clyde glides into view. Frazier picked up his nickname when he was wearing wide-brimmed hats like those in *Bonnie and Clyde*, and the handle now seems dated. Groping for something better, some compare him to Shaft, who is also black and cool, while George Murrow, the foghorn-voiced manager of a hangout next to Madison Square Garden called Harry M's, speaks of him as "the Frank Sinatra of the Sports World."

"The women love Walt Frazier with a passion," rasps Murrow. While the Frank Sinatra of the Sports World dined in Harry M's one night, Murrow brought over somebody who wanted to meet him, a stout, middle-aged woman whom Frazier kissed on the cheek. The lady jumped up and down, squealing delightedly.

"You all right?" asked Frazier.

He is a habitué of such East Side haunts as P. J. Clarke's and Hippopotamus, yet he insists that the only time he ever had too much to drink was the night his son, Walter III, was born, eight years ago. "Walt takes better care of himself than any athlete I've ever known," affirms Knick Forward Phil Jackson, a

former roommate. And the Knicks' Bill Bradley, known for being squared away himself, says, "Clyde's got his feet on the ground. He knows where he's going." Before Frazier could get into his new apartment, his personal life was investigated by the building's board of governors, one of whom worriedly asked him, "What about these wild parties you give?"

"I don't give wild parties," Frazier replied evenly. "I go to them."

On a recent flight to Portland, Frazier pointed to a page in the book he was holding and said, "If a girl complains I'm giving her a hard time, I can use this." The book was a paperback collection of quotations and an underlined passage read, "That which we achieve with the most difficulty, we retain the longest."

Books of quotations are Frazier's favorite reading matter. He has gone through dozens of them, memorizing entries as though they were lines in a play—

which, in a sense, they are. "I use the quotations in speeches and everyday conversation," he says. One quotation he has favored is the Shakespearean business about all the world being a stage. "Why don't you catch my act at the Garden?" he asks women who strike his fancy. "If you're lucky, you can catch my act off the court, too." He refers to himself as though he is giving stage directions: "Clyde can come on cold and even cruel, but usually he's only teasing."

Growing up in Atlanta, Frazier took a while to get his act together. "I always had exquisite taste," he says, referring to clothes. "I just didn't have the money." The eldest of nine children—Eula and Walter Frazier Sr. ran a cafeteria—he often scolded his various younger sisters for messing up the house and he remembers getting angry at his mother one evening because she took so long to dress that they missed a wrestling match.

These boyhood outbursts contrast

continued



with the utter self-control that Frazier exhibits today. The transformation impresses Yale Professor Robert Farris Thompson. He has made Frazier's brisk-selling instructional, *Rockin' Steady*, a text in an introductory Afro-American studies course. Subtitled "A Guide to Basketball and Cool," the book reflects Frazier's fastidiousness in the minutest details of his life, from his wardrobe "stats" (49 suits, 50 shirts, 50 pairs of shoes) to his pregame ritual in which "I pat down my 'bums, I mash down my 'stache—so the little hairs won't stick up and tickle my nose." Thompson says, "People who don't understand black culture sometimes assume that 'cool' comes naturally, that it's a matter of just bopping along. But it can be a learned thing, requiring great discipline."

Frazier was already displaying his composure by the time he reached Atlanta's David T. Howard High School, where he was a star football quarterback and baseball catcher as well as a whiz in basketball. "The other guys looked to me for leadership," he says. "I realized it didn't help if I was flustered." Frazier succeeded Reed as Knick captain this year, but he is hardly the holler-guy type. Except for his flashing eyes, imprisoned in a stolid mask, Frazier's only lapse into demonstrativeness is the clenched fist he occasionally raises after a big play. He has never come close to receiving a technical foul in the NBA. "Why argue with the refs?" he asks. "Ever see one change his mind?"

A playmaker who controls the tempo of a game much the way Robertson did, Frazier is a perennial 20-point scorer. He has been an NBA All-Defensive selection six straight years. At 6'4", tall as guards go, he was second among all NBA guards in rebounds last year, with 6.7 per game. His work load is even heavier this season. Without Reed and DeBusschere, both skilled at setting picks and maneuvering into the open, New York's attack now consists essentially of Frazier or the artful Earl Monroe, the team's other All-Star guard, taking turns going one-on-one. "We have to work a lot harder to get our shots," says Frazier. With defenses keying on them, he and Monroe are often forced to heave up low-percentage shots just as the 24-second clock runs out.

If Frazier sometimes appears to be resting, it is partly explained by his economical style: small head fakes, sleight-of-hand passes, subtle changes of speed.

But Frazier acknowledges that at times he is resting. Phil Jackson says, "Everybody steals little rests, and the best time to do it is on offense. Even John Havlicek occasionally stands there and lets Dave Cowens go one-on-one. But we don't have a Cowens. Walt controls the ball so much that his rests are more noticeable."

Reed and DeBusschere are also missed on defense, where their ability to switch men and clog up the middle freed Frazier to leave his man and go after steals. After leading the NBA in team defense in five of the last six years, the Knicks have fallen to sixth this season, and Portland Guard Geoff Petrie says, "When Frazier leaves me to gamble now, it's possible to take advantage. It's easier to get into the open." But Frazier currently ranks second to Golden State's Rick Barry in steals, and ex-teammate Reed, who once called Frazier's hands "quicker than a lizard's tongue," says, "With Clyde the threat of a steal can be as damaging as the steal itself. It makes the other team protect the ball more. Clyde is as intimidating in his way as Bill Russell was."

During the flight to Portland, where the Knicks were to meet Petrie's Trail Blazers, Frazier took time out from his volume of quotations to discuss his defensive strategy. "I start out by giving my man room. That keeps him guessing where I am. As the game goes on I start tightening up on him, so gradually that he doesn't notice. I'm setting him up for the kill." The next day Frazier happened to walk into a Portland coffee shop just as Knick telecaster Cal Ramsey was discussing a steal that Frazier had made in overtime a few days earlier against Phoenix' Charlie Scott. Frazier went in to score an easy basket that sealed New York's 117-113 win.

"It was the best steal I've ever seen Clyde make," said Ramsey. "Scott was dribbling, protecting the ball, but Clyde somehow got a hand in to poke it away. Now comes the amazing part. Scott was leaning toward the loose ball, with Clyde right behind him. Clyde somehow spun around him to get the ball."

As Frazier listened, a smile played on his lips. "I still don't know how I did it," he said. He almost made it sound unheard.

With kids, like this one at a summer basketball clinic, Frazier reveals an unexpected warmth.

Not long ago, leaning against a podium in a student lounge at Manhattan's Bernard M. Baruch College, Frazier imparted a confidence. "I drove my Rolls here today. What I'm getting paid to answer your questions won't cover the gasoline." His 200-odd listeners laughed.

Frazier, in fact, was receiving \$100,000 for the appearance, but he can be forgiven for pretending to treat such sums cavalierly. He is midway through a five-year, \$1.5 million contract with the Knicks and he pockets another \$100,000-plus annually for endorsing clothes, basketball shoes, stereo sets and other products. He picks up loose change staging basketball clinics. Frazier, his agent, Irwin Weiner and Billy Cunningham are partners in Walt Frazier Enterprises, a firm that handles the business affairs of such players as Julius Erving, Bob Lanier and George McGinnis.

To his many ventures Frazier brings an appreciation for a dollar that extends to his private life as well. One afternoon, as Frazier drove away in his Rolls, a parking attendant looked at the quarter the basketball player had just given him and snarled, "Some big shot." Unruffled by such incidents, Frazier says, "I tip at the going rate. I don't want to be treated special and I'm not treating anybody else special." Asked why, then, he would buy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IODICE JR.



a Rolls-Royce, he replies, "It was a good investment."

Frazier shrugs off other criticisms too. He has offended black-is-beautiful sensibilities by publicly calling Sophia Loren his "ideal woman" and has come under fire from feminists simply for being, well, Walt Frazier. One of his business interests is a liquor store he purchased two years ago in Harlem. He seldom goes into the neighborhood without being upbraided by black activists who feel he could have found more beneficial ways to invest in the community. Recently he decided to put the store up for sale, explaining, "It's too much of a hassle." But, he adds, "The store hasn't been profitable anyway."

Given a choice of roles, Clyde might prefer *The Moonstrapped to The Playboy of the Western World*. He calls himself a loner, insists that "my own happiness comes first," helpfully traces the origins of this self-interest to his days at Southern Illinois. "At first people on campus couldn't have been nicer," he says. "Then I lost my eligibility one year and everything changed. The coach even refused to give me a ride in his car. That's when I realized you have to look after yourself." Frazier eventually made his grades (though he still lacks 40 credits for graduation) and led SIU to the 1967 NIT championship. But his avowed view of the human race is summed up by the pearl-handled .22 pistol he kept under the front seat when he drove up from Atlanta to join the Knicks.

Still, Frazier may not be quite the ice-berg in muttonchops he pretends to be. He is sensitive enough about racism, for example, to slip into speeches vying references to the times he has been mistaken for the chauffeur of his Rolls. He is also loose enough with the purse strings to have lavished a \$65,000 ranch-style house near Atlanta on his mother—she and Walt's father are separated—and, more recently, to have bought a new Nova for his brother Keith, a high school basketball star in Atlanta. Frazier says with obvious sincerity, "My success has been like a dream. The best part is being able to do things for my family."

A low point in Frazier's career came in the early going of last year's NBA playoffs when, playing sluggishly against the Capital Bullets, he was jeered by the Madison Square Garden regulars. The event was headlined in the next day's *New York Post* as THE NIGHT THEY ROODE

CLYDE. Outwardly Frazier shrugged it off. "The fans are fickle," he said.

His true reaction, however, has been described by a young woman who has dated him off and on for four years, a TV makeup artist named Toy Russell. "Walt was very hurt by the booing," she says, "and he was very worried about the way he was playing. He had insomnia and wouldn't answer his phone. He just wanted to concentrate on basketball. Walt Frazier is a very private person, but he is also very gentle and sensitive. That's why I hate the whole Clyde image."

If only because he is convinced that they at least are not fickle, Frazier shines around children. Stopped by a young autograph-seeker in Seattle last year, he wound up taking the pop-eyed boy to lunch. Another time he was approached at the Garden by a pudgy kid of about 10, who asked, "Will you sign my program, Clyde?"

"It'll cost you \$2," Frazier said.

The boy drew back. Frazier, realizing he had been taken seriously, said soothingly, "You look like a nice kid. You can pay me later."

Frazier also has a winning way with sportswriters, who flock around his locker after games to be fed one-liners, insights and, when appropriate, quotations from Bartlett's. Of Jerry Sloan's pawing defense, Frazier once quipped, "Being guarded by him is like going through a tunnel of love." After Earl Monroe arrived from Baltimore, Frazier said, "Earl didn't have to give us the Bullets' plays. He was their play." Of their conflicting styles: "Earl's fire and I'm ice." And why is Frazier always sitting there with his foot in an ice bucket? "I've got an arthritic toe," he deadpans. "It hurts after every game, win or lose."

At Baruch College there was more sting in the exchanges. "Why'd you buy a liquor store?" demanded a young black man in goatee and wire-rimmed glasses.

A hush fell, Frazier said, "Why don't you ask other guys who own liquor stores?"

"Because you're in the forefront, brother. You're Walt Frazier."

"What about the junkies who keep robbing the store?" said Frazier.

The man glowered. "If I were a junkie, I'd burn it down," he said, and left the room.

Frazier kept his cool. "If he burned it down, I'd get the insurance." A few peo-

ple chuckled but now Frazier became serious again. "I've been criticized for not doing enough, but in my own mind I know I'm doing things." He mentioned his contributions to sickle cell anemia funds, the United Negro College Fund and the Police Athletic League. "They help not just blacks but all kids," he said. But he never mentioned that he was thinking of selling his store. When the session ended, he received a standing ovation.

The occasion was supposed to be a sure-fire promotion, a chance to meet the author of *Rockin' Steady*, but John Girolamo, manager of Aldines' bookstore in suburban White Plains, was miserable. A hinge on the front door had been torn loose and glass from a broken window was strewn across the floor. Waves of teen-agers charged through the aisles, knocking over racks and trampling books. The bespectacled, wavy-haired Girolamo scurried around, crying, "It's a disaster—an absolute disaster."

In a corner of the store Frazier sat behind a desk that separated him from the pressing mob. Everybody seemed to be shoving and shouting. "Is it really Clyde?" somebody called from the rear, and a girl's voice offered assurances, "Yes, and he's beautiful." Those in front pleaded for autographs, but Frazier, ignoring them, lifted himself onto the desk. The crowd grew quieter when it saw him, quieter still when he announced, "Unless you get organized, I'm leaving."

A moment later Frazier was out in the crowd, moving people around with the quiet authority he exercises on the basketball court. Some he shoos toward Biography and Literary Criticism, others in the direction of Birthday Cards (Relative). The boys gawked and some of the girls tittered, but everybody cooperated. Returning to the desk, Frazier commanded, "Now come forward. Single file. One autograph each. Then leave that way."

Frazier's felt-tip pen went to work. In less than an hour the crowd had thinned to a handful. Taking a breather, Frazier put down his pen. Like sportswriters in the Knicks' dressing room, Aldines' clerks and the remaining teen-agers gathered around him. As usual, Clyde came through. Turning to one of the bookstore's employees, he chided, only partly in jest, "You shouldn't have underestimated my popularity." **END**



OUT OF THE SURF AND INTO THE SKIES

After taming the waves with board and boat, Hobie Alter has come ashore with a new toy, a radio-controlled sailplane **by PHILIP SINGERMAN**

It is the day before Thanksgiving in Southern California. A late afternoon sun hangs just above the ocean, glinting through translucent orange wings as the sailplane banks for a slow turn, loops once, then dives straight for the water off Salt Creek Beach. Two surfers, hunkering on their boards as they wait for the day's last ride, duck instinctively, but in the instant before it plummets into the waves the glider pulls sharply out of the dive, loops again and climbs swiftly on a turbulent updraft. The plane, nearly four feet long with a wingspan just over eight feet, resumes its lazy figure-eight flight, drifting 75 to 100 feet offshore in a pattern parallel to the ridgeline like an orange-skinned osprey looking for something to eat.

On the edge of the ridge above the beach stands Hobie Alter, a grin on his weathered face, cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth, a two-channel radio transmitter in his hands. He is dressed in his business clothes: a flowered Hawaiian sport shirt, baggy denim pants, old sneakers and wraparound sunglasses. With the exception of his right thumb, deftly working the control stick of the transmitter, he is motionless. He is in rigid communion with his glider, the Hobie Hawk.

The Hawk, weighing only 30 ounces without its radio-control equipment, which consists of two tiny servo units mounted in the cockpit and joined to the rudder and elevator by thin control rods, is the latest creation by Alter, now 41, the maverick designer who personally revolutionized the sport of surfing in the 1950s and who builds more catamarans today than anyone else in the world. Along the way Hobie has become a millionaire, but that has changed neither his bell-raising life-style nor his compulsive dusk-to-dawn work habits. Although he is chairman of the board of the Coast Catamaran Corp., he has no office at its

15-acre headquarters and plant in Irvine, preferring—in the style of the Wright brothers' bicycle shop—to work in a large cluttered room over his garage. For relaxation, give him some old friends, a case of beer and either a dirt bike, a catamaran or a model glider. He bought his one and only business suit in 1958, and to call him either "Mr. Alter" or "Hobie," has given name, is as appropriate as calling Henry Kissinger "Hank."

"To really fly one of these sailplanes right," says Hobie, "you have to get your mind inside the plane. You have to feel yourself up there with it and anticipate what it'll do as the air currents change. Here, give it a try." He hands over the transmitter, and for a moment I feel as if I have been turned into a block of Jell-O. With hardly any effort on my part I can send \$300 worth of high-density Styrofoam, cross-linked polyethylene, ABS plastic and some rather sophisticated electronic sensory gear into the Pacific. "Remember," Hobie says, "move the stick right to turn the plane right, left to turn left, push it forward for down and pull back for up. That's all there is to it. Just don't overcontrol it. If you turn too tight, the plane will go into a spin."

Gingerly I push the stick to the right. As the plane begins to turn, Hobie tells me to let off on the stick. "Just blip it a little bit. Make your turns nice and slow at first," he says. "There's plenty of lift out there so the plane will free-fly without your doing much of anything." I tap the spring-loaded stick two or three times with my index finger as though flicking the ashes from a cigarette, and the glider swings in a wide right-hand arc over the ocean. I try the same thing again, only this time to the left, then back again to the right and, despite my earlier skepticism about the enjoyment quotient of a model airplane for an adult, I'm hooked: a glider junkie in less than two minutes.

As the plane's wings bob in the un-

stable air my stomach jumps and my knees tremble. With my finger I seem to control this noiseless creature, yet, like a launched falcon, the plane retains a control of its own—it is an eerie man-made reproduction of a bird of prey.

My last dealings with a model airplane were at the age of 13 when the two thin pieces of wire linking me to my authentic scale version of a P-51 Mustang snapped and, with a noise like a chain saw being swallowed whole by some great beast, the plane was reduced to a set of Pick Up Sticks in a nearby elm tree. The Hobie Hawk is different. Like everything Hobie Alter has designed, it uses no fuel, has no smell and is so functionally sleek that it seems to be in motion even when it is still. Its only sound is the shriek of the wind rushing by the upswep wings during a high-speed dive.

My aeronautic reverie is interrupted when the glider, without warning, noses up into a stall. Instead of allowing it to level off with just a gentle push on the control stick, I panic and jam the stick forward. For a moment the sailplane hangs motionless, then hurtles toward the water like a bag of cement. Frantically I pull back on the stick. The plane performs one marvelous loop, a second even more impressive than the first and continues its kamikaze journey toward the sea. For the first time I hear Hobie's childish giggle, a strange sound coming from a man with Lee Marvin-James Coburn tough-guy looks. Calmly he takes the transmitter from my busy hands and the glider flattens out 20 feet above the ocean, where it circles, waiting to rise on another updraft. I had allowed the plane to get too low, and while high-altitude corrections are simple, flying a Hobie Hawk below 50 feet is about as easy as moving a large old dog out of the sun.

"You have to watch the glider every minute," says Hobie as he brings it into the wind for a soft landing in some grass.

continued



"The range of these transmitters is two miles, and when the plane gets out of sight there's no way in the world you can control it. A guy up in Aspen who bought one from me spent three days hunting in the mountains for his." The orange Hobbie Hawk rests on the ground between us. Beneath the tinted plastic canopy are the radio-control servo units, lending the glider the sinister aspect of a miniature U-2 spy plane. The surfaces of wing, fuselage and rudder flow together to create a symmetry that reflects the thousands of hours Hobbie spent building models until he perfected this sailplane.

"In a way," he says, "the glider is like the surfboard or the catamaran. But instead of the water's flow, it makes you aware of the movement of air. You watch birds and the way they pick up thermals and soar. Tomorrow we'll go out with my friend the Colonel and try to get the glider up in a thermal with some hawks. Now that's real fun." Hobbie's eyes widen as they do whenever he is excited or wants to stress an important point. The Colonel, I am told, is a fanatical model builder who considers ridge soaring to be child's play. He concentrates on thermal soaring—maneuvering the sailplane into warm rising air where, with skillful handling, it can glide for hours.

Hobbie Alter's romance with the wind began when he was five. His grammar

school in Ontario, Calif. conducted a kite-building contest for all students, kindergarten through sixth grade, with prizes awarded for design and performance. Hobbie won first place in both categories. By the time he was seven he was building stick-and-tissue-paper model airplanes of a complexity to make grown men throw away their X-Acto knives and start collecting beer mugs. In Ontario and at his parents' summer house in Laguna Beach, where he stayed as often and as long as he could near the sea and windswept cliffs, he worked on one project after another, related more often than not to his passion for the currents of the water and the sky.

Most of all Hobbie loved to have fun, and since he lived then as he does today in the land where enjoyment is the leit-motiv, he arrived at a simple but brilliant solution to a problem that has plagued men for centuries. Imbued with the spirit of hard labor, endowed with the soul of a creative dreamer and blessed with a child's capacity to enjoy himself, Hobbie Alter would design and produce playthings that brought him closer to the natural elements he loved, and he would do it better than anyone else because he would work harder and longer. From up and down the coast kindred spirits flocked to wherever he happened to be creating—a cellar, an old boat-house or his front yard—somehow

knowing that this wild man who worked day and night for weeks on end, living alone on the beach in a room under his folks' house at an age when other kids still played Monopoly with the baby-sitter, was up to his ears in pleasure.

More than 25 years later the situation remains the same. Wayne Schafer, a real-estate broker and championship-caliber sailor who lives near Hobbie along the same strip of Capistrano Beach, sums it up: "There's a group of guys, all around 40 years old, living in this part of Southern California, who are primarily interested in having fun. For years we've surfed together, sailed together, ridden dirt bikes and skied. We look to Hobbie as our leader. We figure if he's doing it, then it must be fun."

In 1954, against the advice of almost everyone, Hobbie Alter opened what is believed to be the world's first surfboard shop. All his surfing buddies told him he'd sell a couple of hundred boards up and down the coast and then go broke. Martha McManus, a jolly, robust old woman who lives several houses down the beach from Hobbie, recalls the time quite well: "Nobody gave Hobbie a thousand-to-one chance, but when my husband, who would sooner swim to Hawaii than part with a dollar, bought one of Hobbie's boards, I said to myself, 'Well, by God, the kid's gonna make it.'"

For three years Hobbie built boards from balsa wood with a fiber-glass covering, but then one day he heard about a light, strong substance called polyurethane foam. Convinced it would make a better surfboard, Hobbie closed down his shop and with a friend named Grubby Clark worked nonstop to develop the proper foam mixture. "For weeks and weeks we worked and we slept, and once in a while we ate a greasy hamburger and drank some beer," Hobbie recalls. "It was the only time in my life I was really scared, because I'd closed my business to do it. A couple of times we blew out the side of the mold. The night we finally got the right mix for the foam blank I got an ulcer. But really, I think I got it from the hamburgers rather than the fear."

By 1966 Hobbie's dealers around the world were selling 250 boards a week at \$130 each, and Hobbie was a rich man, but by then he was off on a new project. He had gotten involved in sailing, and

decided that he could build a catamaran better than any available at the time. He used his surfing know-how to design a boat without a centerboard that used an asymmetrical hull with one flat surface to prevent sidslipping in the water. Once again Hobie's critics told him he was crazy. He took two of the first boats he built to Hawaii, where they sat, friendless, for six months at the Outrigger Canoe Club. "Who'd want to race a catamaran nobody ever heard of?" the local salts wanted to know. Today the Hawaiian sailors form one of Coast Catamaran's most enthusiastic fleets. Around the world, Hobie sold 8,000 of his catamarans last year.

Twice now, Hobie's successful designs had enhanced his own, his friends' and thousands of others' enjoyment of the water. Still, during the surfboard and catamaran years he would return now and again to the high bluffs over the ocean and the mountains near the coast to fly model gliders and study the birds soaring in the shifting eddies of air. Hobie had been away from gliders for a while when, four years ago, he and some friends put a case of beer in the car and traveled to a nearby model shop. Model sailplanes, they found, had become more controllable with light, precise radio apparatus, but the fragile balsa-wood construction remained.

With his knowledge of resilient plastics Hobie studied the available planes, trying hard to resist the creative impulse to design and build a better one. "At first I said to myself, 'I don't need this. I mean, it's nothing but a lot of work.' But once the bug bit me I was hooked. I knew I could build a better glider."

Overnight the workshop above his garage was filled with dozens of wings, chunks of polyethylene, sheets of diaphanous Mylar and plywood and hundreds of his own drawings. After designed by trial and error, not theory, reading no books but choosing instead to test one creation after the other in the wind near Capistrano Beach.

The result—taking three years and \$100,000—blended sensuous, natural form with space-age construction: a unique injection-molded ABS plastic tailpiece (tooling for this part alone cost \$12,000), a six-layer fiber-glass fuselage blown into a steel mold, wings of routed Styrofoam to save weight and a nose sec-

tion of a substance so tough it can be beaten with a sledgehammer without breaking. Today, at the shop in San Juan Capistrano where the models are manufactured, rock music blasts over FM radios and long-haired kids run Hobie-built machines that make the parts for orange, white and yellow Hawks. They are sold assembled for \$129 or as a kit for \$99; the radio gear is extra. Across the street work tooling engineers and corporate wizards who would rather put in a creative 12-hour day in T-shirts and jeans than shuffle papers in a coat and tie for eight.

Two Hobie Hawks, riding a thermal, circle in the clear morning air 1,000 feet above an old helicopter pad at the Camp Pendleton Marine Corps Base in San Clemente. On the ground, Colonel Bob Thacker (U.S. Air Force, retired), a model-airplane aficionado, expounds on his compulsion to reposition the wings

of the plane he bought from Hobie. "No serious self-respecting modeler would buy a plane and fly it as is," he says. "Besides, if I can't change the design a little bit, there's no sex in it, if you know what I mean." The Colonel, a short, spare man with twinkling green eyes, dressed in his model-competition uniform of white sneakers, a white shirt with a one-inch collar, a black tie with a knot the size of a quarter and a straw boater, looks more like an escapee from a vaudeville road show than an ex-military man. He and Hobie have launched their gliders into the thermal using a "hi-start"—100 feet of surgical tubing joined to 300 feet of 40-pound-test monofilament fishing line. The line is stretched taut between a stake in the ground and the glider's tow hook; the pilot lets go of the plane and, like a paper clip coming off a rubber band in geometry class, the sailplane wings away to become airborne.

For about an hour Hobie and the Col-

onel



Lips too sore for a stick?

Use soothing Blistex ointment. It smooths on easily, doesn't irritate. Yet it's real medicine. Gentle but effective for quick relief. Used early and often it aids in preventing unsightly cold sores and fever blisters. Try it. Soothing, cooling Blistex.



**For \$200 you can
not only own
a Rolls Royce,
you can build it.**

The most incredibly authentic car model kit by Pocher d'Italia reproduces an exact 1/8 scale the classic Rolls Royce Phantom II Sedan Coupe. 2 1/2" long. You build it with nuts, bolts and screws. No painting, no special tools needed. Doors, hood and trunk open. Steering, crankshaft, connecting rods, gears, fan, generator operate. Windows open. Head lights turn on. 2,199 separate parts of brass, stainless steel, copper, rubber and high impact plastic. For complete details

on this and 1,000+ classic car kits from \$200, send for free full-color brochure.

Deluxe Classics, Dept. 516
5900 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 2780
Los Angeles, California 90036

Please send me your free full-color brochure.

Name

Address

City

State/Zip

INTO THE SKIES *continued*

onel have been holding an impromptu glider competition, first endurance tests and then precision-landing contests in which a glider must be brought from high altitude to a given spot on the ground in exactly two minutes. Suddenly Hobie spots two hawks, wings outstretched, soaring effortlessly in a thermal just above the ridgeline of a hill a mile away. In less than a minute he maneuvers his glider into the same thermal and the plane quietly joins the two birds. At first the hawks ignore the strange intruder that mimics the pattern of their gyre, but then Hobie lofts his sailplane above them, and the hawks react. Instantly they gain altitude and, with a cry that echoes through the valley, one bares his talons and dives for the glider. But Hobie sends his plane streaking toward the ground, and the furious bird is thwarted. "You can play with those hawks all day," Hobie says as he lands the sailplane, "but they won't let you get above them."

After dropping the Colonel at his house, Hobie aims the van for Ontario and a Thanksgiving dinner at his sister's. "We'll take the long way around through the mountains," he says. "Maybe see some people hang-gliding off the cliffs."

For a man who treats heavy surf and a wild broad ocean with the kind of disdain most people reserve for the bathtub, Alter drives the narrow winding roads of the Santa Ana Mountains with extreme caution. In part this is caused by his constant searching of the sky for soaring birds, sailplanes and hang-gliders while at the same time scouring the roadside for places to fly the Hawk.

As he drives, Hobie also gives a running, encyclopedic account of rock formations, crop yields, animal life and other ways to get to where we're going with a Kerouac-like exuberance. In the middle of a long discourse on the region's dry, hot winds, called Santa Anas, he suddenly wrenches the van's steering wheel 90 degrees to the left and pulls to within three inches of the edge of a cliff hundreds of feet above Lake Eisner. Before the dust raised by the van's wheels has settled to the ground Hobie has the back doors open and is jamming the glider's wings onto the fuselage. "We got some lift out there," he says, and dishes for the edge of the cliff, the glider in one hand, the transmitter in the other. He flicks the transmitter and receiver on, and hurls the plane off into space.

continued

AN EXPERT ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT MUSCLES

Our files show that thousands of readers like yourself want to build bulging muscles and achieve real physical power like their favorite athletic champions. How to go about it? We decided to ask an expert, Dave Prowse, 3-times British Weightlifting champion and leading fitness expert. Here are his answers.

Q. What does it take to build muscles?

A. Basically, it takes exercise. Almost any exercise will help to develop at least some of your muscles if you keep at it long enough and hard enough.

Q. Isn't there an easier way?

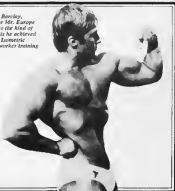
A. Yes. There is one outstandingly effective training method that is also fast and easy—the one I use and recommend—the new Bullworker system.

Q. What's that?

A. The Bullworker is a revolutionary new muscle-building exercise based on Isometrics, the science that increases strength up to four times faster than conventional methods. In my opinion, it's the most advanced training system in the world today. Many leading athletes use it. World-famous Heavyweight Boxer Muhammad Ali, World Heavyweight Judo Champion Wm Runka, and Cycling Champion Eddie Merckx, to name only a few.

Q. How long does Bullworker training take?

Jack Bowley, Junior Mr. Europe, shows the kind of results he achieved with Isometric Bullworker training.



A. Bullworker provides absolute—by the fastest kind of exercise possible. In fact, an introduction training program takes only 70 seconds a day. No other system—weightlifting, pulleys, or strenuous calisthenics—can give you results so quickly and easily. On the contrary, many old-fashioned methods take hours of sweaty, boring work each day...and it's often months before you begin to see improvements. Busy professional athletes and champions don't have time for that. Nobody does.

Q. How long does it take before you begin getting results?

A. With the Bullworker, you can actually begin to see and measure the positive results right from the very first day! Thanks to a built-in measuring device called the Powermeter. After every exercise you just check the reading to see exactly how much your strength has increased from the day before. There's no guesswork involved. Isometric Bullworker training can increase your power at the amazing rate of up to 4% per week! That means a 50% increase in strength in the first three months alone. And I've known many young men who have gone on to double and even triple their strength.



Dave Prowse, 3-time British Weightlifting champion, demonstrates a super-effective 2-second exercise for building powerful biceps... using the new Bullworker with built-in powermeter.

Q. What do these figures mean in real terms?

A. They mean that in as little as 14 days you can actually begin to see muscle growth in a mirror and verify it with a tape measure. Every week thereafter brings ever faster growth.

Built-in Powermeter
You can actually measure your musclepower progress... from the very first day.



Q. Not to get such impressive results, don't you have to work very hard?

A. Absolutely not. That's the outstanding advantage of Isometric training—it's so amazingly easy! Each "Sustain-power" Isometric exercise takes only 7 seconds, and you barely have to move. It's not even necessary to disrobe. The Bullworker is so light and compact, it can be used at home, in the office, anywhere... even while watching TV! It's a great improvement over bulky, expensive weights, bicycle machines, pulleys, etc.

Q. Can Bullworker training even develop bodies which are weak and skinny, or fat and flabby?

A. Definitely! It's been proven by thousands of men of every shape, size and age all over the world. Bullworker training helps transform weak, thin arms into rippling, muscular pillars of strength, build broad, powerful shoulders, turn flat, shallow chests into deep, manly ones, forge loose stomachs flat into steel-hard, well-defined muscle... build that "V" shape of a real athlete, develop sturdy, contoured thighs and calves... And all this in record time!

What's more, I've known skinny, shy fellows who, after just a few short weeks with Bullworker, turned into real go-getters... every inch a man... bowing girls over with their dynamism, confidence, and new found power! You really have to see the remarkable effects of Bullworker for yourself to believe them!

Q. How can I find out more about the Bullworker, perhaps actually try it for myself?

A. I understand that the Bullworker distributor in the USA is now making it available—free on a two week home-trial basis in order to introduce it to the general public. If you are interested in developing your body, in building muscles and strength faster than ever before possible, I suggest that you contact the US distributor for full details.

© BULLWORKER SERVICE,

201 Lincoln Blvd., Middlesex, New Jersey 08846

144

**FREE
BOOKLET**



BULLWORKER SERVICE
Dept. BW-1587

201 Lincoln Blvd., Middlesex, New Jersey 08846

Please send me my FREE full color brochure about BULLWORKER 2 without obligation. No salesman will call.

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Canada: Home delivery duty paid. Ask for FREE booklet

Here's the difference your life underwriter makes.



Your life underwriter... someone you can talk to.



Simply put—when it comes to making sure that life and health insurance really do the best possible job in solving some of your major financial problems, your life underwriter can be invaluable. Why?

He listens—to your hopes and expectations... for yourself, your family, your business. He's interested in your own unique problems and objectives.

He advises—drawing on his professional experience and training, your life underwriter will tailor a program that's individually yours and fits your budget.

He serves—you can count on his service as your needs and objectives require attention, both routinely and as a result of changing circumstances.

He's there—right on the spot—to put it all together and to keep it together without loopholes or costly overlaps.

Talk to your life underwriter, one of 900,000 men and women in life and health insurance who can make a difference in your life. He'll inspire your confidence with his sincere interest and professional expertise. He'll keep your confidence by being there, always ready and willing to serve.

INTO THE SKIES *continued*

Within five minutes the small overlook is crammed with bubbling onlookers—two heavy-duty bikers, three female hang-gliders, some campers, four sets of smoochers and an assortment of Thanksgiving Day sightseers—all of them risking a slip into oblivion for a better look at the Hobie Hawk. Not one to pass up an opportunity to petrify the crowd, Hobie, deadpan, brings the glider streaking toward the goggle-eyed spectators, several of whom hit the dirt. The plane does a roll, loops no more than 10 feet from the edge of the cliff and, before anyone has time to blink, catches some lift and hovers hundreds of feet out over the lake. If Hobie had brought a dozen sailplanes with him he would have sold them all.

It is very late Thursday night. We have been talking for hours in the van on the trip back from Ontario and now in the beach house at Capistrano. Hobie pulls the sliding glass door shut against the late-night fog rolling in across the harbor, and suddenly the noise of the surf breaking 50 feet away is muffled. We pull our chairs a little closer to the freestanding fireplace and stare at the snapping coals behind the screen. After what seems like a very long time Hobie speaks, as much to himself as to me. "With the surfboards," he says, "I wasn't sure. With the catamarans I thought 'probably,' but I know the glider'll be a success." "Why?" I ask him. "Is there something about the timing—are people more ready for a glider now than, say, 10 years ago?"

"Nope," Hobie replies, "it's just that plane. I can feel that it's right." Twice before Hobie's instincts have been correct, but who knows? I think about the crowd on the cliff overlooking Lake Elsinore, literally jumping up and down with enthusiasm, but then people in Southern California like excitement. Will thousands of folks in Kansas and Florida and New Jersey rush out to buy a Hobie Hawk for \$129 plus radio-control equipment? Whether they do or not, this much is certain: from time to time, somewhere along the Coast Highway between Newport Beach and San Diego, not far from a blue Dodge van, a straight-backed figure wearing sunglasses will stand motionless as a bronze statue and gaze out over the Pacific where an orange bird drifts silently like a dream.

RND

Parliament. The recessed filter cigarette.



1. Though his career was based on hot air, balloonist David Moeller raised his image with a cigarette holder. It also gave him cleaner taste.



2. No need for a cigarette holder today. Parliament's filter is recessed, so all you taste is rich, clean tobacco flavor. For the smoker who's coming up in the world.

It works like
a cigarette
holder works.



17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



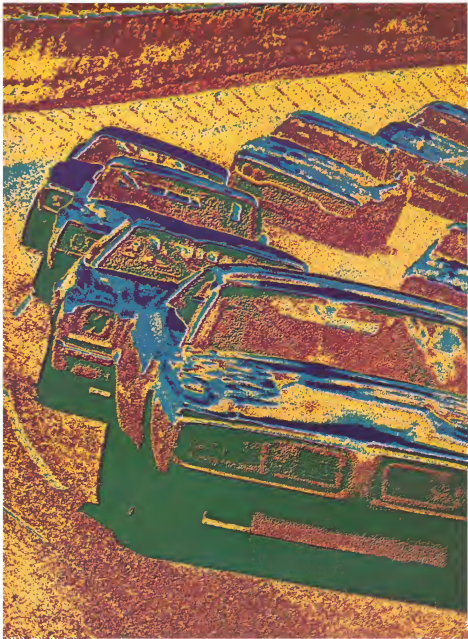
Wintertime Is High Time to Hit the



If Richard Petty comes rolling out, can spring be far behind? That's Petty below—five-time champion, the winningest stock car racer ever—and the vivid bursts of action here and on the next page comprise a salute to the new season from Photographer Richard Meek, who shot these scenes, then tuned them up through a special process that he keeps as secret as what makes the cars and crews so fast



Road Again



All it takes is a touch of recession to start instant sputtering in the delicate ignition systems of motor racing. Even in the best of times things are tough enough, what with the costly technologies of a game in which 535,000 engines sometimes blow like popcorn. It comes as no surprise that 1975 shapes up for the most part as a sickly season for the racers.

There is already gloom along Indy's Gasoline Alley, where last year's fuel crisis scared off a number of high-roller sponsors, and this year's 500 promises even more fright. Sponsorships are going begging; quality cars are scarce; even so celebrated a driver as Joe Leonard, twice the United States Auto Club's national champ, cannot get a ride. Rallying is off; the Canadian-American Challenge Cup series for unlimited sports cars has crashed after nine seasons of questionable rule changes and economic torpor. Even the usually impervious Grand Prix circuit for Formula 1 cars is feeling the squeeze.

But all is not malaise. Down in Florida's Daytona Beach, at the headquarters of the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing, the engine is firing on all eight. In fact, the 11-month season that began last month at Riverside, Calif. and will not take the checkered flag until next Nov. 23 should set records both in prize money and number of races. The year's healthy Winston Cup schedule for Grand National cars—the big sedans from 1973-1975 model years—lists 30 races from coast to coast in 11 different states. Prize money for the series comes to \$3 million-plus, well over the previous high set last year.

The big daddy of them all is next week's Daytona 500. The winner will take the lion's share of a \$282,375 purse—probably a payday in the \$42,000 range, what with lap prizes and accompanying sponsor footfall. In addition to Daytona and Riverside, there are nine other 300-milers with purses of at least \$100,000 and four that will pay even more. Four 400-mile races and the World 600 at Charlotte, N.C. on May 25 round out the super-speedway events. But

there also are 10 hell-for-lube sprints on the five remaining short courses, on which U.S. stock car racing was weaned. The cheapest of these, the Music City, U.S.A. 420-lapper around Nashville's .596-mile track on May 10, pays a respectable \$36,200 in prize money.

All told, NASCAR has enough 1975 racing miles—12,275, to be precise—to cross the continent four times with a few miles left over for practice laps. Work out the rewards on a dollar basis and it comes to \$244 for every racing mile. Small wonder that Richard Petty's take-home pay last season, when he won the driver's title for the fifth time, came to \$278,175. Cale Yarborough and David Pearson, who finished just back of Petty for the year, both topped \$200,000 in earnings.

What accounts for NASCAR's success in an otherwise ailing sport? First off, stock car racing is splendid entertainment. On NASCAR speedways the cars are visible all the way around the track, often in spectacular 10- or 12-car chases, drafting nose to bumper at speeds above 200 mph. Further, Bill France Sr., who founded NASCAR, figured out years ago that spectators can identify with stock cars; there is pride of ownership in noting that good ol' Richard or Caleb or Joe-Jack is out there slamming around in what looks like the family sedan. The resemblance is more than superficial: unlike the exotic engines of Indy or Grand Prix racers, stock car powerplants cost only about \$5,000. What's more, there are no fancy chassis with the driver lying hidden inside, only the top of his helmet showing. In stock cars, the men sit right up there smack behind the steering wheel where a fella is supposed to sit.

Add to this the beer and bourbon, fried chicken and hot afternoons, and one has an irresistible chunk of southern-fried Americana. The fact that most of NASCAR's schedule takes place in the heart of the car-conscious Southeast makes it all possible. That is the premise on which France built this roaring, recession-proof empire. This year it roars again.

—ROBERT F. JONES

As modified by Meek, racers rounding Daytona turn seem faster than ever.

Taking a bull by the nose

A shot to the schnozz has been the only way to slow Notre Dame's Adrian Dantley. Trimmed down and muscled up, he can smell a scoring title

Since his roller-coaster season a year ago, when he suffered from physical flabbiness and mental anguish, Forward Adrian Dantley has slimmed his body, rounded his skills and emerged as a raging bull in college basketball's china shop. His is a game of unleashed power and rippling muscle, of bloodied lips, rattled bones and fractured defenses. The 6'5", 210-pound Notre Dame sophomore receiveth, to be sure, but he giveth out a lot more.

Last week Dantley worked out a typical exchange, pounding Western Michigan for 27 points and Xavier for 23 more as the Irish won both games and improved their record to 11-6. In return he received a swift, though unintentional, shot to the face from Xavier's Gary Deadrick. The injury required seven stitches

above Dantley's eye and X rays for his nose, and held his playing time to 33 minutes in Notre Dame's 96-58 victory. The brevity of that appearance cost him the national scoring lead, at least temporarily.

For most of the season Dantley has been in a close struggle with North Carolina State's David Thompson for that distinction. Going into last week, Dantley was the leader, averaging 32.1 points to Thompson's 31.5. But with the sore schnozz Dantley dropped to 31.2, putting him a minstep—0.7 of a point—behind Thompson.

Dantley has accumulated his baskets with a punishing style that Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps likens to Jimmy Brown's. Teammate Peter Crotty says, "When Adrian steps in to take the charging foul, it hurts the offensive player more than it does him."

It is unusual for a top scorer to take the charge at all, but the tactic is consistent with Dantley's all-out aggressiveness. "He works for his points," says Phelps. "He goes to the offensive boards and fills the lane on the fast break to get them. He isn't throwing up 30 shots a game like a lot of other big scorers do.

And his aggressiveness gives him a bonus of eight or nine points at the free throw line almost every time we play."

Last season it was fashionable to chip away at Dantley, even though he averaged 18 points a game and made freshman All-America. He was too fat, his critics said, not to mention too slow, too limited and too inconsistent, especially against highly ranked opponents. He has squelched that talk this season by scoring 32 against Indiana, 39 against Kentucky, 29 against Maryland and 32 and 30 against UCLA. "He's ready right now," says one NBA scout. "I didn't like this kid last year and I was wrong. He's too strong for the small forwards and too quick for the big ones. He can kill a team inside or outside."

Despite such high praise, Dantley does not plan to turn pro prematurely. "I don't have any financial problems," he says. "My mother and father divorced when I was a baby, but she and my aunt have taken good care of me. I'm not a hardship case."

The last 14 years Dantley's family has consisted of his mother Virginia, her sister Muriel, whom Adrian calls Aunt Rosie, and Muriel's son Franklin. "Aunt Rosie can get me fired up better than anybody," he says. "She tells me, 'I've been talking about you, now don't make me a liar.' I can't sleep before or after a game, so I always call home. Maybe I worry too much, but Mom and Aunt Rosie get me ready."

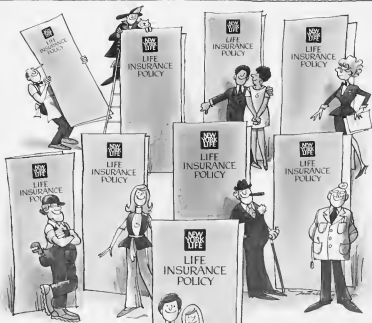
Dantley needs all the encouragement he can get from back home in Washington, D.C., because he is overly sensitive

continued



DANTLEY'S DRIVES THROUGH TRAFFIC TO 31.2 POINTS PER GAME HAVE BEEN ENCOURAGED BY ADRIAN'S IRISH ROSIE AND HIS MOM

More people buy our Whole Life insurance than any other we offer. Know why?



New York Life's Best-Seller Policy.

It is not our least expensive policy. But, then again, no other kind of life insurance can do quite as many things for you.

A New York Life Whole Life policy protects you for as long as you live without the need to renew or convert.

More important, as the years pass, it builds an ever-larger guaranteed cash value that gives your policy remarkable flexibility.

For example, if you can't afford to pay a premium, an automatic premium loan can keep your policy in force. In fact, in any

emergency, you can borrow against your cash value.

When you're ready for retirement, you can continue to hold your Whole Life policy to protect your family or to help pay estate taxes. Or you can convert the policy into an annuity to give you a guaranteed income for life.

Our Whole Life, "best-seller" policy. It's just one of the imaginative approaches to life insurance your New York Life Agent can suggest to protect your family's future. See him, or her, soon.

We guarantee tomorrow today.



to criticism. Told he was fat by an opponent last year, he went on a crash diet, which led to his collapse during a game. This summer he took the more rational approach of cutting down on Big Macs and lifting weights. That peeled 16 pounds of blubber off his body and increased his strength and quickness. "I believe I can score from anywhere," Dantley says, "but I prefer to take my man inside. That way I can use my strength to get a three-point play. [He got three of them in Notre Dame's 84-78 upset of UCLA two weeks ago.] I've gotten a real beating this year, especially my hands and wrists. I won't be able to lift weights again until the season is over."

Dantley's primary concern is leading Notre Dame to a postseason tournament, a prospect that seemed unlikely early in the year when the Irish frittered away sizeable leads against UCLA, Kentucky, Pittsburgh and Marquette. "We should have played with blinders on," one player says. "Then we couldn't have seen the scoreboard." Most recently the young team of 10 freshmen and sophomores and only three seniors has won four straight games.

"When you're playing us, you're trying to stop Adrian," Phelps concedes. "No team has been able to do that, but early in the season our opponents were shutting off our other men. Lately the rest of the players have started to give Adrian some help."

"I was getting my share of shots all along," says Billy Paterno, Notre Dame's other talented sophomore forward and the Irish's second-leading scorer with a 13.9-point average. "I just needed to hit more of them."

If Dantley has a deficiency, it is on defense, a common problem among players who must concentrate their energies at the offensive end of the floor. And Dantley's preference for scoring is an understandable choice. "You don't make All-America playing defense and A.D. is definitely an All-America," says Irish Guard Dwight Light.

If he is, it has been in the works a long time. "I used to live on the court back in Washington," Dantley says. "When my friends would go out on Friday night, I'd still be out there shooting under the lights. I guess I've always worked hard because I'm looking for the perfect game. I play tough, but I'm not trying to hurt anybody. To me, it's just that we're at war for 40 minutes out there."

And because of his erratic performances last season, Dantley has an extra incentive to excel under combat conditions, especially when a large audience is looking in at the war games. "I particularly want to play well on TV," he says. "Then people won't say my other games are freaks."

They are frightening, perhaps, but not freakish at all.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST Teams have lost for all sorts of reasons, but probably never before has one been beaten, even indirectly, because of Abe Lincoln. Abe helped Western Kentucky shock La Salle 91-87 at the Palestra, and the Hilltoppers rallied from 11 points back with 6:36 to go to do it. Mike Odemms, a 6' 5", 235-pound senior, was most responsible for the upset, with 13 rebounds and 33 points. Odemms is a high school dropout, who worked a year as a messenger before getting a message of his own that untracked him. "There used to be this commercial on TV," Odemms explained. "Of Abe Lincoln was looking for a job, and they told him, 'You ain't goin' nowhere, man, without a sheepskin.' That woke me up." Awakened, Odemms went to vocational school and on to Western. At Syracuse three nights after the Palestra defeat, La Salle lost 82-78 as the Orange utilized new offensive tactics designed to "strong-side a high-low post." Playing low was Rudy Hackett (23 points and 14 rebounds), and playing high was Earnie Seibert (12 points).

"I remember when we were able to press Clemson," said North Carolina Coach Dean Smith after being pressed, steam-cleaned and beaten by the Tigers 80-72. Clemson forced 17 first-half turnovers, built a 15-point lead and won the rebounding battle 45-38. Wayne (Tree) Rollins had 17 rebounds and 14 points, and Skip Wise scored 27 for the Tigers. That win left Clemson (5-2) tied for the Atlantic Coast Conference lead with Carolina, which earlier had downed Wake Forest 101-91, and with Maryland, a 98-97 winner at North Carolina State, where the Terps had 29 points from Mo Howard. Maryland held a 14-point lead at halftime, blew it, and then won on a last-second basket by freshman Brad Davis. David Thompson's 38 against the Terps made him the most prolific scorer in State history with 1,972 points.

Shades of Togo Palazzi and Tom Hennsohn, Bob Cousy and George Kaftan: Holy Cross, starting four underclassmen, won

twice to build its record to 14-3. The Crusaders' victories came in the so-called Madison Square Garden Classic, where they skinned past Manhattan 76-74 and Seton Hall 73-71. If there was anything classic about the affair it was Seton Hall's performance, which began with an 89-87 win over Fairfield just hours after the school president, Monsignor Thomas Fahy, had cleaned house. Uncovering eligibility violations centering around Glenn Mosley, a 6' 8" sophomore, Fahy meted out assorted fines and suspensions to Coach Bill Raftery, Assistant Coach Huddy Mahon and Athletic Director Richie Regan. He also suspended Mosley, who had been leading the nation with an average of 16.3 rebounds a game.

It took two last-second shots by Steve Hefele for Rutgers to knock off West Virginia 86-84 in double overtime. Hefele sank a 15-foot try with one second to go in the first overtime to tie the score, then put in a 25-footer as time ran out in the last period.

Boston College upped its record to 16-4, downing Providence 85-77 behind Mel Weldon's 30 points and stopping Fordham 91-74 as Bob Carrington got 27 points.

1. MARYLAND (14-3) 2. N.C. STATE (12-3)

WEST For Southern Cal Coach Bob Boyd it was an arduous week. Because of class registration in the USC gym, his team had to practice at Los Angeles Trade Technical College. And because of a disintegrating disc in his back, Boyd had difficulty walking. He directed practices while seated and found a painful even to yell. Then came an 89-84 loss to UCLA, the 77th consecutive home win for the Bruins. Dave Meyers scored 23 points for UCLA, but the decisive factor was the play of Guards Pete Trgovich and Andre McCarter, the targets of frequent criticism this season. Trgovich popped in a career high of 22 points, and McCarter directed the offense to more than balance out an impressive performance by USC Guard Gus Williams, who tossed in 29 points and was praised by Bruin Coach John Wooden as "remarkable, amazing." UCLA (4-1) thus moved into a tie for the Pacific Eight lead with Oregon State, which lost a nonconference souffe to Oregon 79-68.

Taking command in the Western AC was Arizona State, which held off Arizona 83-81 as it received 59 points from Guards Lionel Hollins (22), Rudy White (21) and Mike Moon (16).

Bolstered by superb shooting by its front line, independent Utah State (15-4) won twice. In downing Wyoming 84-69, the Aggies got a total of 81 points from Jimmy Moore (40), Rich Haws (21) and Ed Gregg (20). Next time out, State led BYU by 21 points, then coasted in 92-84.

1. UCLA (16-2) 2. ARIZONA STATE (17-3)

MIDEAST "Close only counts in hand grenades and hoeshoes," said Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor while picking out shrapnel after a 72-66 loss to Indiana. The Hoosiers had trouble with their disciplined passing game against a variety of Buckeye defenses, but with Scott May zeroing in for 25 points and Quinn Buckner getting 10 of his 14 points in the last nine minutes, they remained undefeated. Indiana also throttled Illinois 73-57, May scoring 19 points and holding All-Big Ten Forward Rick Schmidt to just four field goals.

Commenting on the tenseness of his players when they faced Alabama, Auburn Coach Bob Davis said, "You could have taken a mallet and played *The Star-Spangled Banner* on their backbones." Both teams were tied for a share of the Southeastern Conference lead, Auburn having squeaked past Georgia 65-64 and Alabama having stymied Florida 73-67. Taking advantage of the keyed-up Tigers, the Tide sped to an 18-3 lead and won 77-53, receiving 22 points and 15 rebounds from Charles Cleveland. Kentucky also won twice to remain deadlocked with Alabama. The Wildcats trampled Mississippi State 112-79 and narrowly defeated Vanderbilt 91-90.

1. INDIANA (20-0) 2. KENTUCKY (18-2)

MIDWEST After taking to his TV show to denounce the refereeing during the previous week's loss at Bradley, Louisville Coach Denny Crum was reprimanded by Missouri Valley Conference Commissioner Mickey Holmes. Crum had nothing to complain about thereafter as his Cardinals overcame a New Mexico State stall to win 51-42. Two days later he made North Texas State a 112-67 loser when the Mean Green tried to run with his fleet-footed team.

"There's no way we are going to stop Kansas State's guards," prophesied Iowa State Coach Ken Trickey. Sure enough, backcourt men Chuckie Williams and Mike Evans swished 54 points between them as the Wildcats romped 108-93. Then, in a defensive struggle with Kansas, Williams and Evans each had 16 points as State won 66-56. That left Kansas State (4-1) tied for first place in the Big Eight with Nebraska, which beat Oklahoma State 73-58 and lost to Missouri 88-74.

Dexter Reed returned to the Memphis State lineup for the first time since hurting his knee in mid-December. Despite heavy bandages, Reed scored 18 points against Wichita State and helped the Tigers rally from a 10-point deficit with less than five minutes to go. Memphis State won that game 78-76, and then smothered Union 105-52.

1. LOUISVILLE (18-1) 2. MEMPHIS ST. (16-4)

Latest
U.S. Gov't report shows:

**Iceberg 100's
lowest in tar
of all menthol
100's.**



**Iceberg
100's**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

8 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

Snug, smug in the Tyrol

With a year to go to the Winter Games, Innsbruck has it in site

An air of calm lay over Innsbruck and all of the Tyrol last week, a sort of blanket of Olympian self-confidence. Part of it was the weather: for weeks Innsbruck had bathed in the warmth of the *Föhn*, the soft breeze that periodically streams over the Alps bringing midwinter Mediterranean thaws to Austria. Part of it was the season: few tourists were about and the full made for relaxed traffic and unhurried lunches. But most responsible for the mood was the fact that preparations for the 1976 Winter Olympics were going on—and on—with scarcely a hitch or a hint of hard times. Given the thunderbolts and turbulence that accompany almost everything to do with the Olympics these days, Innsbruck was indeed a rare isle of tranquility.

These are the Games that would have been Denver's. Following the shattering referendum defeat in Colorado in November of '72, the International Olympic Committee made the sane, if not particularly inspired, decision to return the 1976 Games to Innsbruck, which had staged the Olympics in 1964. With one year to go—the Games begin on Feb. 4, 1976—the logic of the move is evident.

Nearly everything—from downhill ski courses to skating stadium to ski jumping sites—is still in place from last time. And nearly everyone—from Olympic clerks and construction workers to ticket takers and black-booted *Polizei*—is alive and well, still living in Innsbruck and ready to leap back into the role he played 12 years ago. It was decided there was no need for the usual pre-Olympic dress rehearsal, replete with ceremonies and a program of competition involving all of the Olympic disciplines. Instead, Innsbruck is spending the winter of 1975

drifting serenely through a series of events spaced over a couple of months.

Early in January the refurbished 90-meter Bergisel ski jump was unveiled for an international competition. (Fittingly, Austria's Karl Schnabl won it.) There now are seats for 60,000 curved around the runout below the lip of the jump, which launches men high above the tiled roofs of Innsbruck's medieval cityscape. Even with the melting *Föhn*, which turned the runout to mud last week, the Bergisel renovation is an impressive addition to Olympic architecture.

But plainly the most stunning piece of Olympic work is the combined bobsled and luge course snaking down Patscherkofel Mountain at Igls, the rich little resort town above Innsbruck. This run features a zinger called the *Kreisel*, which means child's top, a mind-blowing 280-degree loop that sends bobsleds and luges into a mad twist near the middle of the course. The bob run spills down the mountain like a piece of conceptual sculpture, an ever-changing chute of white ice and steel, ending its wiggles with a last turn on an eight-foot wall. The run cost about \$5 million, and it is probably worth it, for it is as functional as it is fool-hardy, as beautiful as it is expensive. The first international luge contests were held last weekend—and the East German women's team, considered best in the game, swept to a convincing one-two-three triumph. The first major bobsled races are scheduled for late this month.

The Nordic events in 1976 will be held in Seefeld, a stiff and high-priced resort town about 22 kilometers from Innsbruck that is favored by legions of mink- and knicker-clad middle-aged Germans. As in 1964, the cross-country ski courses wind through the black woods around Seefeld; last weekend an international 10-kilometer women's race was won by Finland's Marjatta Kajosmaa and in the men's 15-kilometer sprint, Thomas Magnusson of Sweden best all comers. The 70-meter jump, a surprisingly tacky little structure compared to the lovely sweeping Bergisel, also is at this venue; in trials there, Schnabl scored again, indicating that next year's visitors might face a home-jump handicap.

The only other major events at Innsbruck so far in this shakedown season have been a pair of World Cup downhill races two weeks ago. The women com-

peted on the demanding course at Axamer Lizum, a dramatic ski area about 22 kilometers above the Inn Valley in a section of the Alps filled with sheer rock faces and towers. The course was used in 1964 but had not been raced on since by world-class skiers. It definitely will be satisfactory again. Victory went to Switzerland's Marie-Theres Nadig, her first in World Cup since her two gold medals at Sapporo. The reigning downhill queen, Annemarie Moser-Pröckl, was second. During the Olympics, both men's and women's slaloms and giant slaloms also will be held at Axamer Lizum.

While the women raced at Axamer Lizum last month, the men tested the Patscherkofel, high above the bob run—the site of their 1976 downhill. The course proved to be technically demanding and, at a couple of points, a test of courage.

The race offered great expectations for the Austrian team. Franz Klammer, 21, the tall, dark farm boy from the mountains of Corinthia, had been unreal all season. Going in, Klammer had won five consecutive downhill, equalling a record set in 1967 by Jean-Claude Killy—and now, with great ease, he raced to victory No. 6. There was talk that Klammer was racing on magic skis, designed just for him and built at enormous cost by Rumpelstiltskin-like scientists at the Fischer Ski factory. No, said the Austrians, Franz used Fischer's normal racing skis, nothing expensive, much less magic.

Meanwhile, although there are excavations, scaffolding and construction mud all over town, there are no major crises in Innsbruck. The high-rise Olympic Village is efficiently next door to the 1964 Village, which is now a residential complex full of mamas pushing baby buggies and schoolchildren toting book bags. The ice-skating stadium has had a face-lifting on the outside and badly needs a coat of paint on the inside, but is in working order. A new press center will be built. There are a half-built new bridge over the Inn River and highways that still lead to nowhere, and there is some complaining among the citizens that the \$100 million figure announced by Olympic leaders as the full cost of facilities and roads is far lower than the final price tag will be. There also is some concern that an Olympic lottery may not be attracting maximum interest among Tyroleans, even though its prizes include

1,000 tickets to Olympic events, a vacation home in Igls and a box containing a kilogram of pure gold.

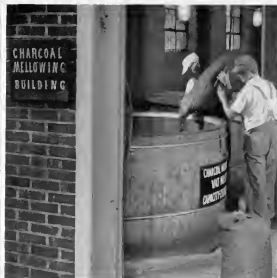
The contrast between Innsbruck's well-oiled Olympic warmup and the gloom that has besieged Montreal could scarcely be more striking. Tales of labor and money troubles in Canada have been heard with fascination, even satisfaction, in Innsbruck; the bad news from North America makes it feel all the more snug and secure. Last week IOC Vice-President Willi Daume of Germany came to town to inspect ongoing construction. On the morning of his arrival, the national German newspaper *Die Welt* ran a story quoting Daume himself as saying that if the Montreal Games fell through, Munich would be delighted to jump in and play host once more.

Upset by the story, Daume held a press conference and rather circuitously denied the whole idea by saying that he and the Lord Mayor of Munich had spoken on the phone after it was printed and had agreed that to have the Games in Munich would be "anticlimactic, among other things." Daume said he had visited Canada recently; he felt "very positive about Montreal"; he had detected "a groundswell of Olympic enthusiasm in Canada." But he spoke in a somber way about the strikes that have snarled construction in Montreal.

"You know, the problems of unions are problems of the free world," Daume said. "It would be interesting if only totalitarian countries are able to hold the Olympic Games of the future for this reason, wouldn't it?" He went on to say that if Montreal could not pull together its rapidly unraveling Olympic fabric within the next two weeks and prove to the IOC that it is capable of producing the Summer Games of '76, the IOC might have to "poll all the cities which have had Olympic Games in the past and find one which is willing to hold them again."

At Daume's press conference the *Bürgermeister* of Innsbruck, a ruddy, white-haired old politician named Alois Lugger, sat calmly at his elbow, smiling a little. When Daume finished talking, someone asked Lugger if he had anything to add, and he merely waved his hand, shook his head and smiled—the very picture of Olympian self-confidence combined with a huge portion of Teutonic contentment.

END



NOT EVERYONE KNOWS the difference between charcoal mellowing and aging. But it only takes a minute to explain.



All distillers age their whiskey. But only Jack Daniel's seeps it for days through 12 feet of finely ground charcoal before aging begins. *This* is charcoal mellowing, the step that no other whiskey-maker uses. Then our whiskey is aged in a charred oak barrel to mellow its taste even further. After charcoal mellowing, most folks find Jack Daniel's awfully smooth. After aging it's even smoother.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROPS
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee

The first Distillery placed in the National Register
of Historic Places by the United States Government.

Cagey loan to San Antonio

All the moribund Dallas Chaparrals needed was a lend-lease move down to San Antonio, a new name, smart deals and live fans

The Baseline Bums never had it better. It was one of those soft Saturday nights in historic San Antonio, warm enough for lovers to be out strolling the picturesque paths that follow the windings of the gentle river through downtown, and inside the splendid HemisFair Arena just off South Alamo Street the cups of beer were flowing smoothly to the Bums, almost as smoothly as the floor work of their beloved Spurs. For the Spurs it was their third game in as many nights, and although they had their bad moments, in the end they overcame St. Louis 115-104. Up in section 20, far from the floor, a Bum stood up and shouted to the crowd at large, "Lord, just think what we could do if we had 11 players."

Eleven men. That is how many the ABA permits on each roster. The Spurs have reached that number just once this season. Their pléitude lasted for less than 24 hours, and did not even coincide

with a game. But since their arrival in San Antonio last season as a lend-lease team from Dallas, much of what the Spurs have done has defied convention. Amazingly, the club has been successful, which is to say that the Spurs are not losing as much money as most of the other teams in both pro basketball leagues. At the moment, after 25 home games, the Spurs are averaging 7,840 fans a game. That puts them fourth in the 10-team ABA, behind New York, Kentucky and Indiana, and would put them 10th in the 18-team NBA.

Says Spurs General Manager John Begros, "If you put a gun to my head right now and asked, 'Why are you drawing 8,000 people a game?' I'd have to tell you to pull the trigger because I sure don't know."

To locate the answer it might be useful to drop back a bit, to two years ago when the franchise was up in Dallas, and

dying. The Chaparrals, as the Spurs were called then, were announcing attendance figures of 2,000 a game, but the actual count was more like 500. Dallas was about to finish last in the Western Division with a 28-56 record.

"I got a call from Bob Briner, the Dallas general manager," says Red McCombs, now the Spurs' president and one of the two principal owners. "He asked me if I was interested in an ABA franchise. I told him no way."

Still, Briner made a trip to San Antonio, and became convinced that it was the perfect place to relocate. A year earlier Houston of the NBA had played 13 games in San Antonio, drawn well and had made plans to play at least as many games there the following season. Briner talked to a number of people in San Antonio—the mayor, the Chamber of Commerce and the local sports editors—looking for the right person to run a franchise. Everyone mentioned Red McCombs, who had once owned stock in a minor league baseball team in Corpus Christi. McCombs had a variety of successful business interests, including an agency that for the past 16 years had sold more Fords than any other in Texas.

"I kept saying no," says McCombs. "I had never even seen an ABA game. Finally Briner told me to see if I could come up with a deal. A deal." The big redhead laughs. "That changed my mind. Deals have always interested me."

And so McCombs put together what must be one of the most inventive contracts in sports history. He agreed, along with construction magnate John Schaefer and 33 lesser investors, to lease the Dallas franchise for three years. Lease, not buy.

"We agreed to operate their franchise in San Antonio. We would have operational control. We would absorb up to \$600,000 in losses for the first two years. And we had an option to buy. To our surprise they agreed."

In came the new Spurs, with the same old cast of players. Begros moved in as sales manager, coming over from the San Antonio Brewers where, as president and general manager, he had been named baseball's Class AA minor league executive of the year. Tom Nissalke, former coach of the Seattle SuperSonics, was named to run the team.

"Houston had played a few games here," says Begros, "but actually these

continued



UP IN SECTION 20, THE SPURS BASELINE BUMS WHOOP IT UP FOR THEIR HEROES

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 40 & 50% ALC/VOL • GARRICK IMPORTS CO., N.Y.C.

GARRICK OHLSSON

HOME: White Plains, New York

AGE: 25

PROFESSION: Concert Pianist

HOBBIES: Swimming, sailing, listening to contemporary music, attending opera.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Childhood's End," by Arthur Clarke

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Became the first American to win the Chopin International Piano Competition in Warsaw.

QUOTE: "I've tried to go slowly. Too many competition winners have burned themselves out in a couple of years. To develop more fully, I'm now exploring unfamiliar repertoire such as pre-Bach, Scriabin and some contemporary composers."

PROFILE: Self-assured. Authoritative. Combines impeccable technical skills at the piano with brilliant, poetic interpretation.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"*



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.



NATER GLOWS ONTO ANOTHER REBOUND

people had never seen basketball before. Except at St. Mary's University, which plays in a 1,500-seat gym, and Trinity, which doesn't grant scholarships anymore. And high school basketball, which is the best-kept secret in Texas. We came in, but we were ready to bail out. We were supposed to open Oct. 10, and on the ninth all the ABA players went out on strike. It was just great for sales."

The strike ended at 2 p.m. on the 10th. At 2:30 one of the new investors called Begzos.

"Any seats left?" he asked.

"We can seat about 10,000," Begzos replied. "And we still have 11,000 tickets to sell."

Now Begzos can look back and laugh. "But it wasn't funny then," he says. "This man told me I had to fill the place. We could have opened the doors and forced people in with a gun and still not filled it. I gave away tickets in 100-seat blocks. And at game time there we were, all freezing to death. The building people set the temperature at 60° during the day of an event. They figure the body heat

will warm the place. But with the people we had, we couldn't have warmed a men's room."

About then Begzos organized his Baseline Bums, a group of beer-swilling enthusiasts who are basketball's loudest and frequently most profane cheerleaders. The Bums had actually started with the Brewers when two high school seniors, Larry Braun and David Boyle, worked out a ticket discount deal with Begzos. They patterned their group after the Bleacher Bums of Chicago's Wrigley Field. But both left San Antonio to attend college and Begzos lost track of them until the day the two wandered into his office and asked him if he could work another deal with the Brewers for them. Instead, Begzos pointed to section 20 of the arena and told them it was theirs: \$4 seats at \$1 a pop. The pair put an ad in the paper, asking only loud beer drinkers to reply, and the Bums were reformed. They even came up with their own Dancing Harry, Ernest Muñoz, who has become something of a local celebrity.

"Then we made a few deals, won some games and suddenly we were drawing people. We were stunned. The most surprised bunch of people in town was management," says Begzos. "Now everybody figures we're geniuses, and we don't even know what we're doing."

The deals the new Spurs owners made may have been few, but they were mighty. First they bought Swen Nater, the 6' 11", 250-pound center, from Virginia for \$300,000. At the time Nater had played just 17 ABA games and was best known as that second-string pivotman from UCLA. The Virginia owners were known to be in need of cash, and in New York, Mike Storen, then the ABA commissioner, mumbled something about bumbling amateurs being ripped off.

"I just fell in love with him the first time I saw him play," says McCombs. "When we paid \$300,000 for him, everyone thought we were crazy."

Nater became last year's ABA Rookie of the Year, and this year he is even better. At the moment he is leading the league in rebounds, with an average of 18 a game, and he is becoming at least somewhat aggressive. Last season he blocked 63 shots in 79 games. Suddenly, in mid-December, he decided to become more physical, and at the halfway point in this season had blocked 68.

"But I'm still not going to just haul

off and hit somebody," says the All-Star center. "I'm not out there to win a two-round decision. However, if somebody talks nasty about my wife or mother, I'll clobber them. That's the natural reaction."

The Spurs made their second big move of last season when they sent another \$250,000 to Virginia for All-Star Forward George Gervin. This time Storen said no, mostly out of concern for the Spurs, but also because he thought the Virginia franchise had unloaded enough of its top players already (Julius Erving had previously been dispatched to New York). But the Spurs said Virginia had taken the money, and so they took Gervin. At the moment he is the seventh-best scorer in the ABA. At the end of last season the Spurs, full of optimism, exercised their option to purchase the franchise from the Dallas owners, and in the summer picked up Donnie Freeman, a former All-Star, from Indiana, to go with All-Star Guard James Silas. Add veteran Rich Jones as the other forward, and it is little wonder that Jimmy the Greek made the Spurs a 2-1 favorite to win the West this time. While still feeling their way last season, the Spurs won 45 and lost 39, and then pushed Indiana to seven games before losing in the playoffs. They had drawn 296,721 spectators, an average of 6,594 a game.

But the Greek doesn't know everything. First, there is Denver, which early put a lock on the division lead. Then Nissalke and Angelo Drossos, the Spurs' executive vice-president and trustee, got into a power struggle while trying to find the elusive 11th player. The coach lost. With a promising 17-10 record, Nissalke was fired on Friday, Dec. 13. Bob Bass, who had become general manager at Memphis after a year as director of ABA officiating, became the Spurs' coach. Under Nissalke the Spurs played a slow control game. With Bass they are running. It was a tough transition. They went on a 14-day nine-game road trip and lost seven. Since then they have won 12 of their last 18, which is good enough for second, 11 games behind the Nuggets. And the fans are still pouring in.

"The fans are something else," says Begzos. "We went on that terrible road trip and came home to play on New Year's Eve—and drew 6,195 people. On New Year's Eve! Now, if I could only get those damn Bums to stop swearing so much."

END

Severing the cord.

For the average guy, the effectiveness of the electric drill has always been limited to the length of his extension cord.

No more.

Rockwell introduces their cordless $\frac{1}{4}$ " power drill.

In place of a cord, you get a drill that goes, literally, anywhere. And once you're there, you've got a real drill with the power to handle most woods and compositions.

The power is supplied by a rechargeable battery contained right in the unit. (One

charge equals fifty

minutes in 2" dressed fir.)

As for the ray-gun look, it's designed to help you drill straighter, with less effort.

Lightweight, the cordless is a true his or her tool. Perfect for hobbies, vacations, whenever, wherever you're powerless.

Best of all. We think you'll find the cost of freedom is not that high.

Just \$29.99, no strings attached.



Rockwell International

For your local Rockwell dealer, phone toll free: 800 243-6000 (Conn.: 1-800 882-6500). Excluding Hawaii and Alaska. Or write: Power Tool Division, Rockwell International, Memphis, Tenn. 38131.



Putting some fun back into the gun

**Muzzle-loaders are returning to
vogue with a big blue whoosh**

In this era of decreasing bag limits and increasing clamor against the "immorality" of hunting, many outdoorsmen are turning to the so-called primitive weapons. Their double-barreled aim is to intensify the challenge of the hunt while at the same time defusing their critics' arguments. At first it seemed that the bow and arrow might turn the trick. Archery hunts for big game require the best of stalking or ambush skills—effective range amounting to no more than 25 yards, according to most bow hunters, as opposed to 100 or more for the rifleman. A worthy test indeed, and one guaranteed to separate the once-a-year meat shooter from the dedicated sportsman.

But still the critics howl. A rifle bullet is cruel enough, they argue, but at least it is quick and accurate, killing as much by "painless" shock as by penetration. In their view, a broadhead arrow is little more than a mugger's knife on the end of a stick. It cuts deep, with no shocking power, causing the animal to run off and die a slow death by hemorrhage. These critics, most of whom would prefer to see a deer herd die "painlessly" of overpopulation and subsequent starvation, not to mention slaughter by automobile or dog pack, conveniently overlook the fact that many arrow-hat deer merely look up at the impact, as if bitten by a fly, then continue to browse until they drop dead in their tracks. Those that are hit anywhere in the chest cavity usually fall within a few hundred yards if they run, the same as a bullet-hit deer. No matter. To the Bambi-lovers of America, the bow hunter remains a cruel, degenerate, sneaky murderer.

Now the second generation of primitive weapons is coming into vogue—muzzle-loading, black-powder rifles, both flintlock and caplock, just like great-great-grandpa used to

shoot—and it will be interesting to see the reaction they trigger. Surely these rifles should gratify the lust for nostalgia currently sweeping our society. Esthetically, with their hand-carved stocks of curly maple or aged walnut, their heavy octagonal barrels of mild, unblued steel, their bright brass and pewter "furniture," they are as pleasing to the eye and hand as, say, a restored Marmon roadster. And like a classic car they are not cheap, ranging in price from \$200 to \$500.

These rifles are a tinkerer's delight to shoot and maintain, from the eight-step loading process through the satisfying, blue-weathered whoosh of the shot to the intricate, hour-long ritual of takedown and cleaning. Ballistically (and realistically) they give the game a sporting chance; slow ignition and the inherent instability of a ball-type bullet dictate shots of no more than 75 yards by the average shooter, with 50 a safe, humane range for those who hope to pick out their deer meat consistently. Still, when they hit, they hit hard. My newly acquired Hawken replica fires a .45-caliber, 130-grain ball at 2,200 feet per second from the muzzle and can penetrate four inches of pine at 80 yards. That is clout enough to put Bambi to sleep without an inkling of danger, much less of pain.

What gives me the greatest hope for the future of the muzzle-loader is a major sporting arm, however, is the gunsmith who built my Hawken. Andrew A. Riss, of Du Bois, Pa., is only 20 years old—four fewer than the number of muzzle-loaders he has created over the past three years. And I use the word "created" in the best American sense: lock, stock and barrel. Riss estimates that he

puts in from 250 to 300 hours of work on each rifle. That does not include the time he spends cruising the western Pennsylvania countryside in search of old wood from which to carve his stocks—huge slabs of maple, apple or walnut, often found in the woods, or chestnut, oak and hickory discovered on or in a decaying barn. Nor does it include the hours spent at junk auctions, acquiring old bolts that will become breech plugs and frizzens, plates of brass or crocks of cracked pewter that he will transmute into ornate patch boxes and ornaments. It does, however, include the long painstaking hours spent in drawing from blank metal the eight lands (unmachined surfaces) and grooves that compose the rifling of his octagonal barrels and the detailed artistry expended on each smooth, check-fitting stock.

"My girl friend is totally convinced that I'm the reincarnation of some early American craftsman," Andy says with an air of mild puzzlement. Small, almost frail, quite pale, with thick glasses and a shock of red hair, quiet and intensely introspective, Andy Riss might well be the reincarnation of some Yankee tinkerer at the starting edge of the Industrial Revolution. Certainly his fascination with the ancient craft of gunsmithing is unusual in this age when kids demand instant plastic everything.

"I really can't say how I became interested in muzzle-loading firearms," Andy admits. "I was so young then. I guess I was first introduced to them through the Daniel Boone television series and was encouraged by my grandfather, who restocked and repaired his own target rifles. He taught me to shoot when I was nine or 10, and at the time I disliked the lessons."

But Andy was fascinated by an 1818 Harpers Ferry musket hanging over the fireplace of his great-uncle's hunting camp in Medix Run, Pa., just east of Du Bois. Additionally, his is an outdoors

continued

YOUNG MASTER of an old trade, 20-year-old Andy Riss has created 24 unique firearms.

If you smoke menthol.

Anybody who smokes knows there's a controversy about smoking going on.

And that most of the controversy is about 'tar' and nicotine.

Yet when we ask the average menthol smoker why he smokes a menthol cigarette, he almost always tells us that he smokes a menthol because it doesn't have a hot or a harsh or a scratchy taste.

Well, Vantage with menthol doesn't have a hot or a harsh or a scratchy taste either.

But what Vantage Menthol also doesn't have is anywhere near the 'tar' and nicotine most of the other menthols have.

And that's something we thought a menthol smoker would want to know about.

Vantage Menthol tastes every bit as cool, every bit as refreshing as any menthol cigarette you ever smoked.

But it has only 11 milligrams 'tar' and 0.8 milligrams nicotine.

Don't get us wrong. That doesn't mean Vantage Menthol is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol around.

It does mean that Vantage Menthol is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette that you'll enjoy smoking.

You don't have to believe us.

All you have to do is try a pack.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine. Menthol 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. 74.

family. His father, Lloyd Russ, is a sporting-goods representative (Fenwick rods, Penn reels, etc.), one of the nation's top trainers of field-trial grouse dogs, and a canny deerhunter. "I was also greatly interested in Indians at the time," Andy says, "and my father bought Western arrowheads of quartz and obsidian and planted them at the landmark of an old Indian mill near Medix Run. We would find them under the rocks around the mill after the spring rains. My father told me that the winter heaved them from the ground. I had no idea that they weren't native artifacts until just this year when my mother told me how Dad would hide them during the rains so that I wouldn't see footprints."

By the time Andy was 13, his father was bringing home bunks of wood—"a 10-inch aspen once!"—"that the boy would chop into crude gunstocks and equip with broom-handle barrels. He cast the locks and trigger guards out of lead in hand-carved pine molds that would burn up with every casting. As his fascination with the American past burgeoned, he took to running a trap line.

"It wasn't completely old-timey," says his mother wryly. "Sometimes I would drive him around to his sets. Many's the winter morning when I sat in the car, taking out curlers and combing my hair while the sun rose and Andy checked his traps." By now the lad was a confirmed wood freak, learning advanced wood-working techniques from a neighbor skilled in handicrafts, Jack Harvey, and carving replicas of traditional gunstocks. He haunted the lumberyards of Du Bois, looking for choice chunks to feed his fantasy. "One Christmas a truck from Smyer's Planing Mill pulled up to the house and dumped a load of odd bits in our backyard," says Mrs. Russ. "I dashed out to see what was up, and the driver said, 'This is for the kid.' I think it was his favorite present that year."

Inevitably, of course, the kid had to build his own shootable muzzle-loader. And shoot something with it. "I'd killed a deer when I was 12," he recalls, "but that was with a modern rifle. I didn't like killing that buck and I've never shot another, with any type of weapon. But I've killed squirrels with my muzzle-loaders. That was the great challenge anyway—barking squirrels, the oldtimers called it. You don't shoot the animal, but rather you aim for the branch it's lying on. The concussion kills the squarrel without

continued

100% Breasted Scotch Whiskey, imported by Goodenham & Worth, Detroit, Mich.



Great Entertainers: WAYNE NEWTON / LAUDER'S SCOTCH 86 proof

Lauder's is keeping company with some big names these days. It's the good honest Scotch at a good honest Scotch dollar price. You can buy Lauder's for a song.



Authentic Scotch
Dollar (Crown) minted
between 1903-1925.
Symbol of Lauder's



Look for Wayne Newton's Latest Album, "The Best of Wayne Newton Live"

wasting any meat." Can Andy do it? "I'm proud of the shooting, I guess, but not of the killing."

The same could not be said by the majority of the 800,000 hunters who flooded the Pennsylvania woods on opening day of this past deer season. Before the month was out they would kill 75,000 bucks and 50,000 does. A wet, heavy snow had hit the day before, and visibility, both for spotting deer and tracking them, was excellent. Andy was armed with a .36-caliber flintlock and I with the .45 Hawken when we entered the woods just before dawn. We were hunting an area, Lloyd Riss pointed out ironically, "between Desire and Panic"—two small Pennsylvania towns. What he said was as true metaphorically as it was geographically. On our way up to a ridge where we had found abundant deer signs the previous day, we were hailed twice by other hunters. As the light increased, we could see the woods pock-

marked by blobs of Day-Glo orange, an ugly, jarring color that makes for hunter safety but takes a lot of the esthetics out of the sport.

At first light the fusillade began, a stuttering cacophony that echoed off the rolling, hardwood hills, punctuated now and then by a distant whoop of delight when a hunter found his bullet had told true. At one point, a hunter stalked up to within five yards of where I stood against a green and shadowy hemlock, and never saw me—I was wearing the traditional red-and-black-checkered hunting jacket. But no bucks came our way. That first day, on which some 60% of the seasonal kill occurs before 11 a.m., we saw a total of 14 deer. The next day we saw 19, and on the third day 77. Only one was a buck, and Lloyd missed it with a running shot at 100 yards plus. But we did see a lot of successful hunters. Toward sunset I bumped into one of them while still-hunting my way through some

overgrown spoil piles—the scars of strip mining that crisscross the countryside around Du Bois—just this side of Panic. He was lost.

"You ain't seen a blue Chevy station wagon, have ya?" he asked. His breath was redolent of whiskey and his Day-Glo jacket was spotted with blood and deer hair. "I got me a six-point buck just before lunch. I was just lighting a cigarette when he walked right up to me, not 15 yards away. I shot him through the chest with my .270 but he run, so I shot his jaw off and then shot him three times more. Still, I had to stick my knife in his neck to finish him. Hey, you ain't got a cigarette, do ya?"

Driving back that evening, we passed an old barn. Andy's eyes lit up and he stopped the Scout to do a little wood prospecting. While he palpated the siding and lusted over a giant log of applewood, Lloyd mused on the frustrations of the day. "When I was a boy Andy's

Here's why we call...

Jeep
wrote
the
book
on
4-wheel
drive.



Cherokee is all Jeep—rugged, tough and able, in any 4-wheel drive situation.

Cherokee is more!—Room and versatility! It's got 90 cu. feet of room, (the highest standard load carrying capacity in its weight class), to let you take every-



thing along without cramping your style, or your family.

Versatility! Cherokee performs like a wagon, hauling everything from groceries to paneling without handling like a truck.

Cherokee with famous



age, you could sit in a tree during the deer season and see 200 or 300 deer move past you in the course of a single day," he said. "You could pick your buck. Now, with all this pressure, I don't know. I'll bet if they made everyone hunt with these muzzle-loaders you'd sure separate the men from the boys in a hurry. It might all come back, like the old days."

A wistful wish at best. But young Andy, whose generation will inherit what is left of hunting, is not even that concerned with easier shooting conditions. After all, it is not the killing that interests him, but rather the weapons themselves.

"Anyone who knows me will agree that I feel closer to the past than to the present," he says. "I think that with my basic attitudes I have the potential to become a real craftsman. I'm only a beginner now. There's nothing I'd rather do than work with my hands. I'm not concerned with how I can make money

by selling my guns. I've given away many good rifles that I wasn't satisfied with; in fact, I hope I'm never satisfied with the quality of my pieces. I hope to fashion better and better products and never limit myself by saying that this piece is the best that I can make."

Since that abortive deer hunt, I have shot my Hawken many times. As I grow more familiar with it, and as it "shoots itself in," *i.e.*, the lands and grooves get increasingly worn down, I find myself able to shoot as well over short ranges as I can with a modern rifle. I take a deep delight in its classic lines, the artistry of its wood and metalwork, in the intricacies of loading and maintenance, and particularly in the triple sound of its discharge—the snap of the cap, the boom of the main charge, the sonic crack as the ball leaves the muzzle. And in the funky, sulphurous cloud of smoke that follows the shot, a cloud from the past that puts me, momentarily, at one with

Crockett and Kenton and Bridger and Beckwourth. The other day I tried to bark a squirrel. With a scoped .22, at about 50 yards, it would have been a cinch. Not with the Hawken. The ball hit about three inches north of the squirrel's nose. He stared down the tree at me and chattered querulously, as if to say, "Who do you think you are, D. Boone?"

One of these days. . . .

And thus it seems to me that perhaps the answer to the American hunting bind might lie, in part at least, in what the Risses, *père et fils*, propose. A return to the difficulties of the muzzle-loader would certainly reduce hunting pressure during the short seasons of today, thereby reducing the boozy crowds in the woods and increasing the chances of hunter success; at the same time it would bring about a return to a true American artistic tradition.

Certainly, it would put the fun back into the gun. **END**



Cherokee™ a Jeep-and-a-half

Jeep 4-wheel drive brings new control to bad weather driving. Add optional Quadra-Trac™, Jeep Corporation's automatic 4-wheel drive and you've got the secure feeling of super-traction on any road, in most any weather.

Jeep Cherokee, 4-wheel drive for the family man. That's why we call Cherokee a Jeep-and-a-half.



Jeep Cherokee

From a Subsidiary of
American Motors Corporation



FIRST YOU HAVE TO FIND K₂

*And then, finding it both remote and deadly, work
unstintingly to perfect an assault. The author
joins the U.S. team in practice on Rainier*

by **ROBERT F. JONES**

CONTINUED



achieved that pinnacle of mountaineering success on May 1, 1963, with a sore throat and a headache. Now, nearly a dozen years later, at the age of 46 but seemingly strong as ever, he is looking to become the first American to master Everest's junior partner.

"This is just the kind of weather we're likely to face on K2," Whittaker said, batting the ice from his parka and stomping his triple-lined boots on the snow cave's floor. "Only with less oxygen in it."

A lot less. With a summit elevation of 28,250 feet, K2 is only 778 feet lower than Everest—mere inches on the scale of those Himalayan giants. Above the altitude of 18,000 feet, human tissue begins to deteriorate from lack of oxygen. "Body tissue doesn't replenish itself," Whittaker explains. "In fact, it dies." And the fragile brain tissues that control thought and judgment are the first affected. Thus Whittaker and the eight other members of the team face a full 10,000 feet of climbing on oxygen, and indeed, one of the aims of this shake-down climb on Rainier was to familiarize the team with a new oxygen system ordered for the expedition. Using tanks of extruded aluminum wrapped in fiber glass and demand-regulator valves similar to those employed by scuba divers, the system is a pound lighter than the steel-wrapped, steady-flow outfits carried by the 1963 Everest team and far more efficient. "Our tanks can hold oxygen at a pressure of 4,000 pounds per square inch as opposed to 3,300 for the earlier apparatus," Whittaker continues. "We can carry more oxygen in the same number of tanks. We'll have to tote the 200 tanks up to Camp III at 23,000 feet, but we'll have that much more oxygen than we had on Everest."

Even with this and other technological advances—stronger ice axes, warmer tents and clothing—the American K2 team still faces an opponent that many mountaineers consider far tougher than Everest. Significantly, of the world's 14 known "eight-thousanders," *i.e.*, peaks of more than 8,000 meters elevation (26,247 feet), K2 is the only one without a native name. That is because it stands so far within the Karakoram region of the Greater Himalayan range, on the border between Pakistan and China, that no one

ever got around to naming it. Not until the mid-1800s, that is, when a British survey team led by Colonel H. H. Godwin-Austen measured it and applied the geographical designation that sticks to this day.

"Even the local hill folk call it Ke Tu Chogori," Whittaker says. "Chogori translates as Great Mountain. I kind of like the simple, mathematical ring of it, K2. No nonsense, none of this Goddess Mother of the Land or Doomsday Peak bunkum."

Because of its remoteness, K2 has suffered only seven assaults on its summit over the past 73 years, compared to dozens mounted against more accessible peaks such as Everest, Annapurna and Dhaulagiri. And K2 defeated all but one of those efforts, the Italian expedition of 1954, led by Ardito Desio. The Italians put two men on the top, but they lost the strongest member of the team to pneumonia on the way. All told, K2 has taken six lives on three separate expeditions.

The first attempt on the mountain was made in 1902 by Britain's Oscar Eckenstein, the man who invented such valuable mountaineering tools as crampons and the ice axe. He scouted K2 for routes but was driven off the Godwin-Austen Glacier before he could try for the summit. Eckenstein declared that there were only two possible ways to the top: the northeast or the southeast ridge.

His judgment was confirmed in 1909 by Luigi Amadeo de Savoia, the Duke of Abruzzi, who opted for the southeast ridge, which now bears his name. Every attempt since 1909 has been made by way of the Abruzzi route. Whittaker, though, will attempt the northwest face, despite the fact that the route has never even been scouted. "Modern climbing demands new approaches," he says laconically. "What would it signify if we merely repeated the Italians' feat?"

Though the Duke of Abruzzi only made it to 21,650 feet, the next challengers nearly achieved the top. In 1938 an American team, led by Dr. Charles S. Houston, got to 26,000 feet and might have reached the summit if it had not wasted much of the short (six-week) climbing season in reconnaissance. Then, in the following year, using Houston's scouting reports to good advantage, a

The debate inside the snow cave swirled as turbulently as the blizzard outside. Is mountaineering a sport, or is it, rather, some rare and masochistic mental disease, a madness of the heights that besets only the strongest and most romantic of men? Judging by the weather outside, one would have been tempted to plump for madness.

The American K2 team, whose aim is to climb the world's second-highest mountain this summer, was encamped halfway up Washington State's glacier-clad Mount Rainier for a spot of mid-winter foul-weather training. The mountain had accommodated them. Winds up to 60 miles an hour ripped through the camp, whirling in from every point of the compass, lifting grown men from their feet and threatening to blow the tents away. The temperature out of the wind (if one could have found such a place) would have registered a tolerable 20° above zero, but with the wind-chill factor in play it was impossible to go gloveless for more than a minute without one's fingers turning into so many skin-flavored Popsicles. Moreover, three feet of snow was falling, though that verb seemed hardly precise. The whimsical gale blew it up, down and sideways all in the same endless breath.

The American K2 team loved every bit of it.

"A splendid day!" whooped Jim Whittaker as he slid in a cloud of powder snow down the tunnel of the cave. Whittaker, the team leader, is the first American to have climbed Mount Everest, having

continued

**For the footwork
that goes
before the hit...
Converse Tennis All Stars.
They put the pro
fit on your feet.**

Moving, hitting, and moving again to the metronomic "thunk" of strings on ball... that's the tennis player's sequence.

And your feet know all about every game you've been in.

They feel every point, and they need to feel right to keep you comfortably in every match.

Converse Tennis All Stars are premium tennis shoes designed for the footwork that's such an important part of the game. They give you pro

comfort, pro performance, pro style, and pro fit and they're available in suede, leather and canvas for men and women at your sporting goods dealer or pro shop.

We color the action.

 **converse**

an **Eli** company

Alive with pleasure! Newport



**After all,
if smoking isn't
a pleasure,
why bother?**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ASSAULT continued

team led by the German-American Fritz Wiessner came to within 750 feet of the summit before disaster struck. Wiessner was one of the best North American climbers of that era, but his team was weak and poorly coordinated. Because of a mixup, the upper camps were evacuated while Wiessner took a run at the summit. He had been gone so long that everyone assumed he had died, with the result that he and a Sherpa had to make their way down through empty camps, without food or gear for another attempt. Worse, another climber, Dudley Wolfe, was left waiting for help in Camp VII, near the peak. Ill and unable to descend, Wolfe died alone in the thin, cold air, as did three Sherpas on the way down.

In 1953 the redoubtable Dr. Houston returned for a second shot at the mountain, and made it to 25,500 feet before a 16-day blizzard put the quietus to the assault. One of the team members, Art Gilkey, developed thrombophlebitis, a hazard of high elevations, and Houston decided to get him down to a lower altitude before the blood clots in Gilkey's legs and lungs killed him. Then occurred one of the most memorable mountaineering feats in K2's history. While clearing a tent platform for the night, six climbers, roped together, slipped, and five of them fell over the edge. Only one, the now legendary Pete Schoening of Seattle, remained on his feet. He took a belay around a convenient serac, an ice projection, and held the swinging five for more than an hour while they worked their way up to safety. Tragically, after such a hard-won success, Art Gilkey was swept away by an avalanche.

The next year, 1954, witnessed the Italian success, but a 1960 expedition by a mixed German-American team was blown back by storms at 24,000 feet. Then the Bamboo Curtain fell over K2, not to be lifted for 15 years. With Communist China's Sinkiang Province just beyond the backstops of K2, and with Pakistan an ally of the United States, the mountain had become sensitive territory in the East-West balance of power. Permission for this year's assault, granted to the Whittaker team last March, came only after arduous and delicate negotiations with Washington and Pakistan, and might not have come through at all except for the recent thaw in U.S.-China relations. "We're damned lucky to have

gotten the chance," Whittaker says. "That's why we have to be extra careful with our preparations. Logistics are terribly important; after all, K2 is halfway around the world from Seattle, where most of us live, and that's why we've kept the size of the team down to nine—a small expedition, by Himalayan standards. Even so, we'll be taking 10 tons of gear to stock our seven camps. It'll take 500 porters to carry the stuff over the 125-mile advance march—15 days from the village of Skardu, at 7,000 feet, to the base camp on Savoya Glacier, at 18,000, then 40 days from there to the highest camp. Ultimately that 10 tons will boil down to 444 pounds to stock Camp VII at 27,500 feet—the oxygen and gear necessary to put the assault team on top and get them back down again."

The makeup of the assault team remains, so to speak, up in the air. Almost any of the team's nine members could be chosen for the final push. All are fit enough, dedicated enough, to do the job. And when it comes to cohesion, which is even more important on a Himalayan expedition than on a Super Bowl team, each member is properly self-advocating, yet without for a moment surrendering his individuality. A contradiction? Not when it comes to the severe tests of vertical survival that mountains place on their every intruder—wind, cold, snow, ice, gravity in its various forms, isolation, hunger, anxiety, thirst, itch, ache, weariness, silliness, blisters, cold sores and shortness of breath approximating that of the tomb. To say nothing of a distended bladder in the middle of the night, with the blizzard gnawing at the sleeping bag, and a growling bowel at morning. Consider the wind and the weather. Contemplate the distance from this ridge to the next, from this warm cocoon of goose-down through that zippered tent flap to the giant snowbank outside the tent's vestibule. Evaluate the price in self-denial when you hear your tentmate ask if you could possibly fetch a bit of snow, for melting over the Bluet in aid of tea.

Few men alone can make it to the top of a high mountain, and even with the best of friends, he cannot make it by forgetting his humanity.

So consider the American K2 team.

JAMES W. WHITTAKER, 46, of Seattle,

general manager of Recreational Equipment, Inc., an outdoors store and co-op. First American to reach the summit of Mount Everest. One of the strongest climbers in the world, according to the renowned English mountaineer Eric Shipton. Stands 6'5", weighs 205 pounds. Soft-spoken, except in harsh weather or political discussions relating to Robert Kennedy, his good friend on the mountains and off. Slightly wistful, abstracted at lower altitudes. Decisive at any altitude above 5,000 feet. Approximately God above 25,000.

L. DEANNE ROBERTS, 26, also of Seattle and Jim's second wife. A photojournalist from Calgary, Alberta. Medium-sized, strong, outspoken. Tries hard, and almost succeeds, at being "one of the boys." But she is still stuck mainly with administrative chores. Has yet to be seen at 18,000 feet, though she did well on Rainier (14,410 feet), so who knows?

LOUIS W. WHITTAKER, Jim's identical twin. A voluble, jolly, outgoing man with none of Jim's political hangups. Off the mountain, dresses gaudily in bell-bottoms and striped turtlenecks. All winks and guffaws. Eats like a horse. "Rainier Lou" communicates a tremendously reassuring sense of strength, good humor, loyalty, skill and humanity. Has made more than 120 ascents of Rainier by various routes, and runs Rainier Mountaineering, Inc., the Northwest's top guide outfit.

JAMES WICKWIRE, 34, of Seattle. Short, dark, quiet. Jim is a lawyer and was one of the ignition wires for the K2 expedition. It was in 1972, during a climb up Mount McKinley's south face, that Wickwire and three others first dared to voice their hopes of climbing an "eight-thousander." Wickwire turned to his occasional climbing pal, Jim Whittaker, for aid: Whittaker, with his name and connections, could make the dream a reality. "It's formidable to look at," Wickwire says of K2. "Steep on every side. No easy routes and few campsites. It requires more than technical ability." Calm, strong, assertive when necessary, Jim Wickwire is not just a fine climber but a man of judgment as well. Hooked on the symphonies of Beethoven ("Particularly the odd-numbered ones").

DR. ROBERT T. SCHALLER JR., 39, of Seattle, an orthopedic surgeon and strong climber whose medical expertise alone is enough to make him welcome on K2's heights. Remarkably fit. A miler during his years at Yale, he ran a 4:01 back in 1958, and can still run 15 six-minute miles in an hour and a half. Serious, sardonic, helpful in both a Hippocratic and humanistic sense, he may well be the most effective medico-mountaineer since Dr. Houston.

FRED B. DUNHAM, 34, of Ellensburg, Wash., 5'8", 185 pounds of gristle, and steady. Fred is an assistant foreman at Washington's White Pass Ski Area, where he builds lifts and clears avalanches. A superb technologist on rock or ice, he also possesses a down-home sense of humor that neatly complements the team's literati. Prone to erupt now and then into mock wrestling matches or to clean and jerk the nearest heavy pack. "Extremely competent," reads the scouting report.

FRED C. STANLEY, 31, also of Ellensburg, 5'6", strong and blond. Also was a Rainier guide, not to mention a member of the elite American Alpine Club team that last summer reached the summit of Lenin Peak in the Russian Pamirs, while disaster roared all around them. (Eight Russian women climbers died during the all-too-well-publicized, storm-plagued International Climbers' Camp in the Pamirs.) Quiet and omnisciently helpful.

LEIF-NURHAN PATTERSON, 39, of Bellingham, Wash. by way of Norway and Canada. Short and deceptively slim, with a shy and Puckish demeanor, Leif may well be the strongest climber of the lot, and is certainly among the most experienced. He was a professor of mathematics at the University of Tromsø in Norway before he was lured away by the peaks of the Canadian Rockies. His gentle, smiling surface hides a core as tough as any mountain he has climbed: one recent skitouring trip with his 10-year-old son and their dog in the B.C. Rockies, the three were cut off by avalanches and had to work their way out the long way around. Running short of food and energy, Leif ordered the dog to stay, and came close to ordering his son to do the same, since

continued

he felt he himself was the only one strong enough to make it out. "That's the toughest decision a man could ever make," says Jim Whittaker with admiration. The boy went with him, though, and when Leif flew back in by helicopter, he found the dog alive but hungry just where he had left it.

Galen Rowell, 34, of Albany, Calif. The team's "token Californian." Mountaineering writer, photographer and rock climber par excellence, with more than 100 first ascents to his credit. At 5'8", his 170 pounds have the resilience of a hard-hit handball. Two weeks before the shakedown climb, he sprained an ankle running down one of his California mountains with a 40-pound pack; on Rainier he merely laced his boot a bit tighter and climbed without a grimace. Galen has an interesting insight into the technology of climbing. Examining a pack with its many pockets and straps and sticky zippers, he says, "Remember that quote in *Antoine de Saint-Exupéry* where he likens the simplicity of an airplane fuselage to the curve of a woman's breast? Where he says that the success of a design is when there's nothing left to take away? Well, I look at this pack, and there's plenty left to take away."

Climbing up from the Paradise Ranger Station on Rainier's southeast face, there was at least one member of the party, along to observe, who already wished that "plenty" had been taken away, including the contents of his 30-pound pack. His questions concerning the location of the shakedown pack were inevitably met with hearty reassurance. "Just a short hike, maybe 45 minutes, up thataway."

"Thataway" led into a building blizzard—tiny, hard bits of snow that stung the cheeks and blanketed out anything more than 100 yards ahead. It also led uphill at a deceptively steep angle, thanks to the bad visibility that had the effect of a telephoto lens, foreshortening everything in the distance. To the neophyte, the route appeared to climb straight up, but of course it did not.

The snow, on this early January weekend, was already 10 feet deep where it had not drifted into piles perhaps 50 feet from crest to bedrock. Rainier holds the world record for annual snowfall: 1,150

inches—nearly 100 feet—during the winter of 1973-74. This afternoon, with the sky going a dirty, swirling gray-green in the west, it looked as if the mountain might be out to set another record.

"Just what we want," bellowed Jim Whittaker as he swung the heaviest pack onto his shoulders. "Now if only it would get about 30° colder!" Everyone whooped some more and scratched in affirmation.

Most of the team wore lightweight Sherpa snowshoes, with frames of aluminum tubing, which made for easier going in the deep, fluffy powder, but it was already 4 p.m., when the first climbers set out from the station—only half an hour to sunset—so with the added dimness of the snowstorm it was certain that camp would be pitched in the dark. When the team made its first shakedown, back in June, the weather had been cloudless and almost unbearably hot, and the snow, as Galen Rowell put it, like "high-deep mashed potatoes." They had climbed in their T-shirts. But this was definitely windbreaker weather.

The neophyte, missing no bets, set out at the head of the pack, realizing that he would soon be overtaken by everyone. The first climber to pass him was Leif Paterson, or at least it looked like Leif. It was hard to tell. The man moved so fast, the snow swirled so thick. Whizzzz!

There goes Fred Stanley, well, he thinks it is Fred Stanley.

"Look out for that old pulmonary edema, ho, ho!" Dr. Rob Schaller, no doubt.

A giant, silent mountain moved past next. The wry grin of Jim Wickwire flashed. No comment, just the grin. A true gentleman.

Galen Rowell zipped by on his 120-centimeter skis as if the neophyte were standing still. Which perhaps he was, since he found himself stopping for a breather about every five minutes. "Bad form," yelled Galen, grinning. "Remember what Sartre said in *Nausea*..." The rest of the words were carried away on the blast. But the idea had hit home. Thanks a lot, Galen.

Aha, here comes Dianne! If the neophyte can't keep up with a 26-year-old girl, he'd better put in quick for a lung transplant.

"One foot after the other," she chirped sweetly as she blew past him. "Just keep 'em moving!" And she was gone.

It was, though the neophyte, like driving a Model T in competition with Grand National stock cars. Looking behind, he saw a black dot emerge from the white-out, grow rapidly into a purple lump and then emerge up close as an orange-clad Fred Dunham. He smiled reassuringly, scraped the sleet from his wire-rimmed glasses and gave the neophyte a lesson in the "rest step," a climbing technique in which the weight is shifted momentarily from the muscles to the bone by locking the knees alternately, allowing a bit of a respite with every step. The two plodded along for the next couple of slopes, and for the first time the neophyte felt that perhaps he would live to reach the camp. Already it was nearly dark, and the storm was growing in intensity. "You're doing good," said Dunham. "There's lots that wouldn't have got this far in weather like this." Sure, thought the neophyte, recalling Dunham's interest in the old mountain men. Jed Smith could have climbed this far on his hands and knees, and faster.

Finally, bringing up the rear, came the brothers Whittaker. Both were on skis. Both earned enormous packs. You could hear them coming a quarter of a mile away, their voices lapping out through the wind and the thickening snow—Lou's hearty roar, Jim's piercing howl of ecstasy at the worsening weather.

"Hey," yells Jim as they close in. "You're lookin' good—I'd of thought yote were one of the expedition!" By now the neophyte has his second wind (or maybe it was his second hundredth) and he keeps up with the Whittakers as they cross an icy slope scoured clean by the strengthening wind. "Almost there," says Lou. "You always want to be the last one into camp—that way the others will have the tents set up and the tea'll be boiling."

"Erik, erk, erk," says the neophyte. Then Jim falls. The neophyte tries to lift his pack for him. The neophyte falls. Lou gets them both to their feet. It has all taken only a minute, but the neophyte suddenly feels chilled to the bone. The combination of sweat and delay. Christ, he thinks, this mountain could kill a guy....

And then the camp emerges from the whistling, gunmetal gloom—haloes of warm, yellow light, bulky figures struggling with ballooning tents, snow show-

els flashing in the glare of head lamps as three men excavate the snow cave. The neophyte has no wind for a hoot, much less a holler. There follows a dinner of freeze-dried "cardboard Tetrazzini," oat-tail soup, chocolate bars and boiling-hot tea, gravid with sugar. It all tastes delicious. The neophyte sips a cup of melted snow, likens it to vintage Moët. His thigh muscles flutter in the warmth. Outside, the wind snaps and savages at the tent: Rainier's guard dog.

"That's the best thing about the mountains," Galen Rowell is saying. "The basics become the luxuries. You peel away all the dead skin and get down to bare nerves, and it is nice. A sip of cold water. Warmth. Shelter from the wind."

"And stopping," adds the neophyte. "No more walking."

"No," says Galen gravely, with a bit of bite to his voice. "Walking's automatic. Anyway, it gets to be automatic. Like when you learn to drive a car with a stick shift. At first you have to think every time you punch the clutch and move the lever. Clutch, this is first, clutch, this is second, clutch, this is third. Then it becomes automatic, you don't even think about it. Same way with walking."

There's an irony of the machine age for you, the neophyte thinks. A man using the metaphor of the automobile to explain the psychology of walking.

All through the night the storm raved around the tents, piling two feet of snow on the edges and nearly filling the entrance to the cave. It abated a bit just after dawn. Scatological jokes filled the camp as everyone answered, reluctantly, the calls of nature. That's something they never write about in those lyrical mountaineering sagas, the neophyte thought as he thawed his sewage pipes. Yet it's part of what Galen was talking about. What a relief to have done with it!

Breakfast in the snow cave. Hot oatmeal covered with honey. Crunchy fruitcake, courtesy of Leif Patterson. Scalding liquid Jell-O, in cups that would have blistered the hands at a lower altitude, and tea flavored with the peelings of an orange. All the smells and tastes were stronger up here; every swallow became a meal in itself.

Then off to work, or play, or whatever the mountaineers call it. Lou and two others set off on snowshoes across a wind-scoured, icy slope adjacent to a

couloir overlooking the Nisqually Glacier. "Just to keep the muscles limber," said Rainier Lou. They were followed shortly by Dr. Rob and Leif, while the rest of the party set to work with snowshoes, clearing the mouth of the cave and the rapidly disappearing tents. By noon, Lou & Co. were back, still full of laughs.

"You should have seen it!" Lou chorled. "You should have seen their eyes! Rob and Leif were following us, trying to catch up. An avalanche cut loose up above us. Rob saw it coming and tried to warn Leif, but that old Norský couldn't get out of the way. His eyes got as big as saucers. The damned thing buried him!"

Silence.

"Did he . . ."

"Oh, yeah, Rob dug him out all right. But you should have seen their eyes! Big as saucers!"

Leif and Rob shuffle in a short time later, crusted with snow and grinning as if nothing unusual has happened. And maybe it hadn't.

Later someone mentions that a man died in an avalanche at the same place just three winters ago. Undeterred by Leif's own premature burial shortly before, Rob and Leif made their way to the edge of the couloir nonetheless. "Hell of a view," says Rob. "You ought to take a look."

Later in the afternoon comes the familiarization course with the new oxygen system. Dr. Rob explains the gear lucidly, seriously. "This is your source of life above 18,000"—everyone gets a chance to run around in it. They must run, because the altitude of this camp is only 7,500 feet, and to test the full "demand" they must be breathing as hard as they would be above 18,000 feet. They run without snowshoes, knee-deep and sometimes hip-deep, in the grasping powder, up to a crest above the snow cave. On their backs the oxygen apparatus appears to weigh no more than a loaf of French bread.

The neophyte straps himself into the oxygen gear and attempts to gallop to the crest. It ends up more of a wallow. But the gear works very well indeed, with less suction demanded of the regulator than with scuba gear. If only there were no snow.

At the crest, he looks out over the Nisqually Glacier, worming its icy way down

toward the river of the same name, then up the glacier to the mountain itself. "Mount Regnier, Christians have dubbed it," wrote Theodore Winthrop more than a century ago. "In stupid nomenclature perpetuating the name of somebody or nobody." The Indians had called it Tacoma, or Snow Mountain. And the early fur trippers named it simply Old He. Whatever the name, it was a fierce son-of-a-gun. Clouds of wind-whipped snow circled the peak, shading from white to gray to blue-black as the light altered along the circumference. A gust of the same wind caught the neophyte under the armpits and nearly blew him down. He scrambled, ungracefully, back to where the others stood.

Now then, he thought as they unstrapped him from the oxygen bottle, that mountain right there is only half the size of K2.

"Yeah," said Jim Whittaker that night in the tent, "oxygen is the source of life on the eight-thousanders. It's going to cost us \$20,000 just for oxygen tanks and regulators to make this climb. The 1938 expedition to K2, Houston's first attempt, paid something like \$564 for porters. We'll be paying about \$50,000. We've budgeted the whole expedition for \$200,000, of which \$125,000 has to be cash raised by us or donated by mountaineer-minded supporters. Hell, we ain't proud. Anyone who kicks in even 10 bucks, which would be tax deductible, will get an autographed picture postcard showing K2 and the team, posted from base camp by runner. If we don't get the full amount, we'll go in the hole for it, pay it off later—we hope—with articles and books and maybe the film. But we need the oxygen. Without it, some of us are going to come down off K2 with parts of our brains gone. We don't like that idea, even though we may not be able to recognize it as such after the fact. I don't know, maybe it isn't a sport. Maybe it is a form of masochistic madness. But we have to do it. Otherwise . . ." He took another slug of tea and busied himself with the lamp.

As the party climbed back down to Paradise the next morning, the wind was stronger than ever. Even the undroppable Jim Wickwire fell once, bellowing "Fall!" in a lugubrious voice. Then, getting back to his feet, he howled with delight. Ah, the downs and ups of mountaineering.

continued

taincering! A hardy group of skiers was waiting near the Paradise ropetow as the American K2 team trudged in. They recognized the brothers Whitaker immediately and stood back deferentially as the team passed through. The neophyte, bringing up the rear as usual, felt embarrassed. People were actually nodding at him deferentially, too, as if he were a member of this elite team. Perhaps, crustied in snow as he was, his jowls obscured by clouds of steam, his lack of conditioning and expertise was invisible to them. Still, it was embarrassing.

Maybe this is why they do it, the neophyte thought. They certainly don't do it for the money, or for the glory. Maybe it's just to come back down again and be greeted by other folks, to inspire other folks to do it themselves.

The neophyte was put in mind of an old legend of Mount Rainier. There was once a miserly Indian elk hunter, hack in the days before any man had climbed

Tacoma. One day, out hunting, he was approached by Tamaneous, the impish god of the Siwash, who told him that there was wampum on the top of the mountain. The very best wampum, of a sort called *hiawna*. The miser set aside his weapons and with great effort fought his way to Tacoma's summit. There he found three stone monuments—one representing a salmon, one a kamus bulb and the third an elk, all three staple foods of the Indians. Digging under the elk monument, aided by 13 giant otters, he found, at the 13th stroke of the pick, a great cache of *hiawna*. After stringing it he took off for home—without propitiating any of the three stone totems. Immediately a great storm arose, and the poor Indian was hattered about.

Too late he tried to appease Tamaneous by throwing away the wampum, string by string. Each time he relinquished one, the storm would abate, and he would hear the otters crying, "Ha, ha, *hiawna*!"

But only when he had thrown away the last of the precious shells did the storm stop entirely.

Working his way down to his camp, he heard a woman singing about her husband, lost years ago in a vain attempt to scale Tacoma. Coming nearer he saw a woman who resembled his wife "as an ancient smoked salmon is like a newly dead salmon." He had been gone a long, long time. Long gone, too, was his hunger for wealth. "*Hiawna* and wealth seemed to have lost their charms for him," wrote Theodore Winthrop in translating the legend. "Tacoma, shining like gold and silver and precious stones of gayest luster, seemed a benign comrade and friend."

No, thought the neophyte, translating Ranier into K2, and considering the motives of his weekend companions, it is not a sport. Nor is it an act of romantic masochism. It's something simpler, after all, than either of them. END

DON'T WASH THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YOUR HAIR.

If your hair is dry, dull and lifeless, it could be your shampoo. Harsh, alkaline shampoos can rob your hair of its natural vitality and luster.

Unlike alkaline shampoos, RK Organic Protein Shampoo is so mild it won't harm a hair on your head. Its acid-



balanced formula is scientifically formulated with organic protein derivatives that leave your hair lustrous and manageable. RK is so beneficial you can shampoo every day, without washing the living daylight's out of your hair.

Ask your barber stylist about RK Organic Protein Shampoo and all the other scientifically formulated products he uses. Your hair deserves RK all the way.

RK ORGANIC PROTEIN SHAMPOO

Only at your barber stylist.

1974.

The year you'd never have believed 12 months ago.



A President resigns, Kissinger marries, Ali triumphs, Patty vanishes, Solzhenitsyn is exiled, governments fall, famine spreads, Secretariat sires, streaking takes fire, the economy cools, prices soar, Evel leaps in, Teddy drops out. Here is 1974—captured as only the photographers and editors of LIFE Special Reports could

The chronicle of President Nixon's last 17 days in the White House, alone, would make this a magazine to keep for years to come. Add to this extraordinary story all the other surprising and startling events of 1974 and you have a unique historical record of a momentous year that will continue to reshape our destiny.

At newsstands now. Only \$1.50. Be sure to pick up your copy early.



Sports Illustrated Superstar Posters



2 FEET X 3 FEET* \$2.00 EACH
101 Great Pro Athletes

Hockey

- ☐ Syl Apps 1H14
- ☐ Bobby Clarke 1H1
- ☐ Jean Cunniff 1H2
- ☐ Phil Esposito 1H4
- ☐ Tony Esposito 1H6
- ☐ Ed Giacomin 1H10
- ☐ Bill Gadsden 1H12
- ☐ Bobby Orr 1H3
- ☐ Bernie Parent 1H5
- ☐ Brad Park 1H8
- ☐ Gilbert Perreault 1H9
- ☐ Dave Schultz 1H7
- ☐ Gary Unger 1H11
- ☐ Reggie Vachon 1H13

Basketball

- ☐ Nate Archibald 1B81
- ☐ Rick Barry 8K502
- ☐ Walt Chamberlain 7B1
- ☐ Dave Cowens 3B2
- ☐ Julius Erving 1B1
- ☐ Wilt Chamberlain 9B2
- ☐ Earl Goodrich 8K501
- ☐ Gail Hooker 3B1
- ☐ Connie Hawkins 14B42
- ☐ Spencer Haywood 15B24
- ☐ Kareem Abdul-Jabbar 8B1

- ☐ Bob McAdoo 4B1
- ☐ Geoff Petrie 1B82
- ☐ Bill Walton 8K503
- ☐ Jerry West 7B2
- ☐ Sidney Wicks 1B81

Football

- ☐ Donny Anderson 14B44
- ☐ Len Barry 6N20
- ☐ Fred Biletnickoff 9A25
- ☐ George Blanda 9A16
- ☐ Terry Bradshaw 13N12
- ☐ John Brockington 7N42
- ☐ Larry Brown 1B443
- ☐ Nick Buoniconti 7A85
- ☐ Dick Butkus 53N51
- ☐ Larry Csonka 7A59
- ☐ Mike Curtis 2N22
- ☐ Carl Eller 5N51
- ☐ Chuck Foreman 9N44
- ☐ Roman Gabriel 5B815
- ☐ Joe Greene 13N75
- ☐ Bob Griese 7A12
- ☐ Franco Harris 13N32
- ☐ Bob Hayes 5N22
- ☐ Calvin Hill 5N35
- ☐ Harold Jackson 5N29
- ☐ Charley Johnson 6A12

- ☐ Rick Johnson 11N30
- ☐ Sonny Jurgensen 15N19
- ☐ Billy Kilmer 16N17
- ☐ Tom Landrum 15N29
- ☐ MacArthur Luken 7N26
- ☐ Willie Liker 5A53
- ☐ Bob Lee 11N19
- ☐ Bob Lilly 5N74
- ☐ Archie Manning 10N6
- ☐ Mercury Morris 7A22
- ☐ Joe Namath 14N1
- ☐ Merlin Olsen 6N74
- ☐ Alan Page 9N88
- ☐ Dan Pastorisi 5A7
- ☐ Mike Phipps 4N15
- ☐ Jim Plunkett 1A10
- ☐ Mike Red 3A74
- ☐ John Rogers 8A44
- ☐ Charlie Sanders 6N86
- ☐ O. J. Simpson 2A36
- ☐ Ken Stabler 9A12
- ☐ Roger Staubach 5N12
- ☐ Charley Taylor 16N42
- ☐ Ott Taylor 6A89
- ☐ Bob Tucker 11N38
- ☐ Paul Warfield 7A42

- ☐ Gene Washington 13N18
- ☐ Otto Warmath 7A1
- ☐ Charles Young 12N86

Baseball

- ☐ Nabe Aaron 1N1
- ☐ Aaron 1N1
- ☐ Johnny Bench 3N4
- ☐ Lou Brock 10N4
- ☐ Bob Gibson 10N3
- ☐ Reggie Jackson 9A3
- ☐ Willie Mays 6N2
- ☐ Pete Rose 3N1
- ☐ Ron Santo 4A4
- ☐ Tom Seaver 6N1
- ☐ Willie Stargatt 8N4

Tennis

- ☐ Arthur Ashe 1T2
- ☐ Billie Jean King 1T5
- ☐ Rod Laver 1T1
- ☐ John Newcombe 1T6
- ☐ Stan Smith 1T4

Other Sports

- ☐ Janet Lynn 1S1
- ☐ Johnny Miller 1G1
- ☐ Kyle Rote Jr. 15C1
- ☐ Secretariat 7B4

Please send me the Superstar posters I've checked at \$2.00 each or at your special offer of 3 for \$5.00 (and \$1.50 for each additional poster) I've indicated how many of each I want.

I enclose \$_____ for _____ posters, plus \$0.50 to cover postage and handling.

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Note: These big full-color posters are rolled and shipped in crush-proof tubes to prevent damage.

Sports Illustrated
PO Box 13850, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101

Name (please print) _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
(Please allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.)

*Hockey posters include 16 inches x 24 inches

Track on down to Walt Disney World.

WLS Musicradio is taking three train cars of winners to Walt Disney World on April 8, 9 and 10. Each winner receives, for a maximum of four people: transportation via Amtrak's "Floridian," hotel accommodations at the beautiful Dutch Inn, meals, admission and expenses within Walt Disney World. Plus, there will be a big Polynesian luau, golf, swimming and all the other exciting attractions.

And, if you don't win one of the trips, we're also giving away Mickey Mouse watches, Disney jewelry ensembles and lots of other goodies. It's easy to win. Listen to WLS for details, and if anyone asks what radio station you listen to, just say the magic words, "WLS Musicradio," and you might win a trip to the Magic Kingdom.



Win purchase necessary. Void where prohibited. Winner of WLS Radio Trip only April 8, 9 or 10, 1979. All designed by WLS Musicradio, Inc. No substitutions allowed.

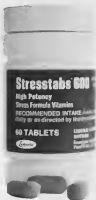
Stress.

Time for a different brand of vitamin

STRESSTABS® 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins from Lederle Laboratories. A different brand of vitamin because it was formulated specifically to treat vitamin deficiencies caused by physiological stress and its potentially debilitating nutritional consequences.

You may be under stress. For some people, stress may come in small and harmless doses. For others, it may reach a level harmful to their nutritional health. For example: People who work too hard and don't eat right. People who drink too much. People who are or have been ill. If you're one of these people, you may be headed for a vitamin deficiency.

Why stress can rob you of vitamins. Your body may respond to the increased nutritional demands of stress by using up more vitamins than it normally does: specifically, the water-soluble vitamins—B-complex and C.



Unfortunately, your body doesn't store these vitamins for emergency use. Under stress, it may need more of them than your daily meals provide.

Meeting your special stress vitamin needs. Many doctors prescribe STRESSTABS 600 to replace stress vitamin losses. It can satisfy your above-normal water-soluble vitamin demands because it provides above-normal amounts—600 mg Vitamin C, plus a unique formulation of B-vitamins and other important nutrients.

Talk to the experts. Ask your doctor and pharmacist what they think of this different brand of vitamin. Now available at all drugstores without a prescription.

Stresstabs® 600

High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins
A product of Lederle Laboratories

"QUALITY SET"



The *Head Air Boot* is a new experience in skiing comfort and control. The exclusive *Air Liner* is simply pumped with air to perfectly fit the contour of your foot. And—it adjusts simply in seconds—anywhere, anytime!

The outstanding, easily adjustable buckle system of the *Air Boot* is fastened with 48 of our famous 'Quality Set' rivets. They won't let go under long, rugged use. A *quality* fastener for a *quality* product. It's the kind of meaningful product innovation we like to be a part of—and you will, too.

AMF/Head Boots and
Chicago Rivet—
A "Quality Set."



CHICAGO RIVET & MACHINE CO.

900 So. 25th Avenue • Bedford, Illinois 60104 • 312-265-5333

Have anything you want before dinner.

After dinner is reserved for Remy Martin.



Only after dinner can you devote the time and attention that Remy Martin cognac demands—and so richly repays. And no other cognac—no other drink—can so enhance your best hours.

Forget the compromises of the day.

After dinner is reserved for Remy Martin and you.

80 Proof. Remy Martin Importers, Ltd. New York.

Remy Martin
VSOP
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

The after dinner drink

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 27-Feb. 2

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: Forward John Bricker scored about \$200,000 a year, mostly while sitting on the bench of the Seattle SuperSonics. In a 100-103 win over Portland, Bricker got up long enough to make a game-tying 18-point 16 of which came in the final period when Dick Russell's team exploded for 43 points. The Sonics edged Portland the next night, too, and moved within 1 1/2 games of Pacific timekeeper Golden State, which had gone winless in an outright road game. Midwest leader Detroit edged the Warriors and second-place Chicago scored them 127-101. The Phoenix lost Buffalo, as did Atlanta leader Boston, which opened up a 21-point margin over the Pistons. New York led Philadelphia by a total of six points but lost to Philadelphia and Houston by a total of one. The Rockets had a 4-1 week. The Bulls handed Houston its lone defeat and also beat struggling New Orleans. Cleveland halied an anti-pain-pump ring attack with a 112-109 overtime victory over Atlanta, which failed to win during the week. Jim Price took a 10-point jump shot with 10 seconds left to tie a Milwaukee tie over the Nets. Earlier the Bucks lost to the Kansas City-Omaha Kings.

AFL: Freddie Lewis of St. Louis barely had time to scout his All-Star Game MVP performance. The East beat the West 136-124 behind an accident during practice sent him to the hospital to have glass shards surgically removed from his eye. He saw well enough the next night to hit 10 points in a loss to Western leader Denver. The East's top team, New York, got a "controversial" three-point leaguebreaker Julius Erving as the Nets beat the Patriots 144-91. Kentucky and San Antonio, second-place teams in the East and West respectively, won a pair of games. Virginia escaped a 15-game losing streak by beating Memphis which, like Utah, was winless in the week. Indiana defeated the Stars 100-93. San Diego figured in Virginia's win, beating the Jaguars 98-93 early in the week.

BOWLING—MARK ROTH of the San Jose Giants 299-233 to earn \$7,000 in the 1960-61 King of the Hill Open at Greenwood Park, Kane, Ketchikan a prize game by leaving a 4-pin on his final ball.

HOCKEY—NHL: The Philadelphia Flyers, defending Stanley Cup champs, 1974, flat out, according to Temple University physicians, lost 10-4 to the Penguins by the Flyers had 18% to 17% body fat, unacceptably high for athletes in their prime, according to medical science. Unsurprisingly, Philadelphia still led the Patrick and ended the week rolling over Atlanta leader Buffalo 6-0. The Sabres beat the New York Rangers, which fell to Los Angeles, but skated past Chicago. By defeating the Kings, Montreal advanced to a tie with San Jose for

the Norman Dixon leadership (see M). Earlier, the Canadiens helped their cause with a victory over Pittsburgh and Seattle the Vancouver. The Canucks defeated Toronto, which set back California and Dallas. Bobby Orr played his third hat trick of the season in a win against the Stars, while Ron Macchiarini of Pittsburgh scored his 100th goal of the season in a tie with St. Louis. Detroit also tied the Blues and beat the Penguins. Atlanta and Kansas City played in another deadlock, while the New York Islanders beat Minnesota twice and the Red Wings once.

WHA: Three goals by Frank Mahovlich helped the Toronto Tornado move down Canadian leader Quebec 6-4, despite a watching performance by the "Nordiques." Marc Emery's Toronto gained four points in the division with a 4-2 week, also beating Vancouver, Indianapolis and Edmonton. The Oilers' lone win was West leader Houston, which won two games and lost two. To stop a four-game losing streak, East leader New England skated wins and whipped Cleveland once and the Baltimore Blast twice. The Blades, still to play a game in their new home, also were won by Phoenix 8-1. "That's not hockey, that's brutality," complained Bobby Hull after Winnipeg beat San Diego 5-2 in a referee's nightmare. Minnesota had three victories while Chicago defeated Cleveland, which won twice.

HORSE RACING—FOREGO (\$3,601, 1994 Horse of the Year, with Hollywood Casino) led by 10-1 odds to lead in a match race to win the 15-race \$60,200 Sunbelt Handicap by three-quarters of a length over Mr. Doest in 1:47 1/4 at Hialeah.

CHRIS EVERT (34-6), edger by Jorge Velazquez, made her first start of 1975 and won the \$3,500 La Canada Stakes by a nose over Mercy Day, covering the 1/4 mile in 1:43 1/4, at Santa Anita Park.

NOTICE: Defending champion PETER CRIGG and HURLEY HAYWOOD won the 24-hour endurance race by 13 laps, averaging 108.531 mph in their Porsche Carrera.

SKING—HANK KASHIWA of the U.S. was the slalom and overall winner of the men's pro event in Mount Snow, Vt., setting 53.90.

TEENIE—JIMMY CONNORS beat Rod Laver 6-4, 6-2, 3-4, 2-5 in their \$200,000 challenge match in Las Vegas (see JF).

The Mexican Drive Cup team scored its first victory over the U.S. 9-11 points, 3-2. Raul Ramirez beat Riccio Turner 3-5, 2-9, 6-4, 6-2 to go along with his earlier defeat of Sam Smith and Jan Douglas won (with Vincent Zaraska) in Palm Springs.

TRACK & FIELD—TAMARA FILBERT BAYL, making her American and debut before the biggest crowd (17,000) in the 58-year history of Madison Square Garden's Millrose Games, set a meet record of 3:55.3 in the mile. Graham Young's Paul Cummings, the NCAA outdoor mile champion, finished second in 3:59.4. Chicago's RICK WOHLHUTER won his 24th consecutive mile in 3:59.4. The half-mile in 1:51. FRANCIE LARRIVE was a tenth of a second off the world record in the women's 1,600 yards in 2:10.4. The mile in 3:55.3 by 20-year-old 2:28.8. In the women's 800 yards, RICH CAMPBELL and PAT HELMS tied at 2:27. AL FEUERBACH was a cardiovascular winter in the thirteenth with a test of 6' 11 1/2" and HAZEL CRAWFORD of Eastern Michigan won the 100-yard dash in 6.5. The women's 100-yard dash won the world high-jump record-holder, Dwight Stoten, lost to Harvard's MELEMBRE on recent season of 2' 7 1/2" over 14.

At the IFA meet in Seattle, BRIAN OLOFELD put the shot 40' 4 1/2" and BEN HPCIO won both the mile (4:04.4) and the two-mile (8:39.4).

MILPERRIS—NAMED: A. S. (Jude) GUTHRIE, to the National Football Foundation's Hall of Fame. Gauthier, who retired in 1970 as coach at Florida A&M, had a record of 203-136 in 25 seasons.

NAMED: GEORGE C. SEIFERT, a defensive coach at Stanford for past three years, as head football coach at Cornell.

SELECTED: STEVE BARTKOWSKI, California quarterback, by the Atlanta Falcons, as the first draft choice in the NFL. More players were drafted from Southern Cal (14) than from any other college.

SOLD: GEORGE BEST, the Manchester United, to the New York Cosmos. In 1974, he was named Soccer League Best, 23, played one year with the Manchester United Soccer Club and was a member of the English team that won the European Cup in 1968.

SOLD: THE INDIANA PACERS of the NBA, to eight Indianapolis businessmen led by Tom Irlford, chief steward of the Indianapolis 500.

TRADED: New York Knack Guard HENRY BILLBY, to the expansion New Orleans Jax for Center NEAL WALK and Guard J. BARNETT.

DIED: CHARLES A. McVAY JR., 71, who teamed with Paul V. Connel to win the double sculls championship in the 1924 Olympics at Amsterdam in Pompey Beach, Pa.

DIED: SIR PHILIP HOPKINCHURST, 87, Antarctic explorer and army officer in London. Sir Philip was awarded a Royal Geographical Society medal for his part in the first British expedition to the Antarctic in 1901-1902.

CREDITS

4—Roy DeGruy 14—Helen Eastman, 16, 17—Nell Taylor 18—John Sargent, 44, 48—John Sargent 48—Alvin Sargent, 18, 19, 20, 21.

FACES IN THE CROWD



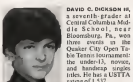
JOHN GERESZAK, a former All-Star Game MVP, took eight firsts and two seconds in a qualifying meet for the YMCA Nationals. He won the 100- and 200-meter breaststroke and had backstroke, 500 freestyle, 200 and 400 medleys and 100 butterfly.



KEVIN NAGURSKI, captain and leading scorer of the International Falls (Minn.) High ice hockey team, has put in 16 goals and had 17 assists in 16 games so far this season. Nagurski, son of football All-Pro-Tanner Brock, was on the state tournament team two years ago.



CLAIRE MORRIS, a junior forward on the immaculate Conception CYO girls' basketball team (Grand Prairie, Texas), averaged 23.8 points, 10 rebounds and eight assists in 30 games this season. Her single-game high was 44 points against Bishop Lynch High.



DAVID C. DICKSON JR., a seventh-grader at Central Columbia Middle School, was a Bloomsburg, Pa., won three events in the Quaker City Open Table Tennis tournament: the under-13, novice, and handicap singles titles. He has a USITA rating of 1,537.



DAVE O'LOUGHLIN, 33, a Pittsburgh business coordinator, won the 50th Anniversary Western Squash Racquet singles championship for the 46th time in 1974 by defeating Jeff Sawyer 15-12, 15-4, 15-13. Eighty-six players competed in the tournament.



JOHN HUNTLEY, a freshman at Oregon State, set an American women's high-jump record of 6' 3 1/4" at the New Zealand Games in Christchurch, breaking her own mark by 2". A Fosbury fopper, her best previous jump culled from 5' 7 1/2" to her best indoors, 6' 1 1/4".

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

FROM THE HOME FRONT

Sir:

Was that really necessary? Your cover and features on the new Cancun resort (*Old Gods, Young Goddesses*) in the Jan. 27 issue are most disappointing in a magazine of your caliber. Imagine my shock when I walked into my son's room and found him reading what appeared to be a girls magazine.

Come on, now, what sport are you covering? Or should we even ask? If we wanted this type of material in our home we would not be subscribing to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

MRS. JAMES F. RIEDEL

Milwaukee

Sir:

The cover is disgusting. Your bathing suit ads are disgraceful in a sports magazine. I am not a prude, but there is a time and a place for everything. This magazine is not the place.

E. DUDEX

Colonie, N.J.

Sir:

If you're going to get down to the bare facts, we will cancel our subscription.

PIRELLIS R. DEVINE

Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

Sir:

We consider your Jan. 27 issue unsuitable for use in our elementary school library. We request cancellation of our subscription and a refund for the issues we no longer care to receive.

M. D. THOMAS

Principal

Edwin Markham School

Pittsburgh

Sir:

I thought for a moment that our college son's girls magazine had been delivered to his home instead of his dorm. Our high school son—Supercock we call him—never looked at the cover; ho, ho, ho! Dad did, though. Golly, are you going to get letters!

MRS. C. A. ELDRIDGE

Ferdale, Mich.

Sir:

That issue was really nudes-worthy.

SAUL SCHACTER

Glen Head, N.Y.

Sir:

Re page 31, with apologies to Rudyard Kipling, the bathing suit she wore was nothing

much before, and rather less than half of it behind.

E. H. BATCHELLER

Rear Admiral, USN (Ret.)

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

I have heard the argument that "this is no more than can be found on any beach." The point is that impressionable youngsters cannot, usually, take home what they find on the beach of this nature to browse over. Don't you think young people are exposed to enough sex without your having to resort to it, too?

STELLA F. MCKEOWN

Lompoc, Calif.

Sir:

Please don't do me any favors. SI should concern itself with the latest sports events. Pin-ups I can get in a girls magazine.

EMMETT F. JOSEPH

Dayton

Sir:

Now that you've given your male subscribers their jollies, how about equal consideration for your female subscribers?

SHARLY COHEN

Silver Spring, Md.

Sir:

Kindly extend my subscription 10 years.

DAVID THEALL

McLean, Va.

Sir:

I remember Cheryl Tiegs from last year's bathing suit preview. You should make her an annual feature.

W. DAVID SNYDER

Milford, Conn.

Sir:

With the world facing inflation, recession and an oil shortage, and sportsmen confronted with the problems of unrealistic salaries, contract clashes and many more senseless arguments, it is always a relief to know that there is one magazine that can take a relaxed attitude toward all of this and present a very enjoyable issue. The young goddesses, along with the excellent article on Cancun by Jerry Kirshenbaum, give SI another winning issue.

JOHN ORWIN, TOM CATES,

TOM TAYLOR, DAVID DEKKER,

ROBERT SILCOIT

Greenville, Ohio

GROWING UP IN PORTLAND

Sir:

I begin your article *Bill Walton, Won't You Please Play Ball* (Jan. 27) with apprehension but, happily, Rick Telander brings a degree of perspective and intelligence to the coverage of the Walton story.

Acquisition of wealth has never brought with it psychological stability or security. Walton is sincerely attached to a counter-culture whose arch tenet is a frugal, anti-commercialism. Naturally, this impulse flies in the face of the corporate reality of professional sports and the conspicuous consumption of the athletes.

Walton is only 22, and when he is viewed outside the sports context, he is not so wildly different from other young men. What is unique about his situation is that he must work out his crisis of values before the press and the public.

Fortunately, he has models for integrity and individuality in his own sport, men like Jack Twyman, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and the Trail Blazers' assistant coach, Tom Meschery, an accomplished poet. He should seek their counsel.

KARL L. LINDHOLM

Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Sir:

I was greatly disappointed. Through six pages, Bill Walton was criticized for everything from the state of his personal cleanliness to wanting to play only as a member of a team, not for individual goals. Only Walton knows the extent of his pain and injuries, not the fans or his teammates. If the people who criticize will only have a little patience, Bill will become the great player we knew at UCLA.

LANCE DOSCH

Danville, Ky.

Sir:

Your article was quite compelling and demonstrated a genuine honesty and concern for the situation in Portland. Still, I can't help feeling that one man's individuality has been abused simply as the result of certain auxiliary circumstances stemming from the game of organized basketball.

ALAN HUMASON

Goleta, Calif.

CRESTA SKELETONS

Sir:

Congratulations on a most appealing article on a unique cultural phenomenon, the Cresta (*Every Man Has a Mud Sreak*, cartoon).

Dick Salisbury is down in the dumps...

He's a guy who spends a lot of time in the dumps, but he has good reason to be happy while he's there.

Dick Salisbury deals in steel cans, which we all know as tin cans. He is Vice President and Chief Operating Officer of Los Angeles By-Products Co., a firm that combs the garbage in major California cities for a half billion steel cans a year. In San Francisco, for example, his magnetic separators recover steel cans from garbage at the rate of 10,000 tons per year.

L.A. By-Products also operates steel can recovery facilities in Oakland, Sacramento and Contra Costa Counties. Since steel cans are magnetic, it is easy to pull them out of municipal garbage by the millions.

These reclaimed cans are sold to nearby copper mines for use in a chemical process that recovers copper from low grade ore.

Steel cans are magnetically recovered in more

than 20 cities across the nation. In addition to their use in copper mining, they are remelted to make new steel, used in the production of ferro-alloys, or detinned. As a result of recent research, they will soon be used by the foundry industry as well.

Recovery and recycling of steel cans does more than simply preserve our natural resources. It saves valuable landfill space. It also conserves energy. And it puts cash in municipal treasuries.

Sure, Dick Salisbury and his men are down in the dumps, but they can manage a smile.

If you are down in the dumps about garbage, maybe we can help cheer you up, too.

For more information write, **Tinplate Producers,
American Iron and Steel Institute,
1000 16th Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036.**

but he's never been happier.



**Tinplate Producers,
American Iron
and Steel Institute**



What Do Many Doctors Use When They Suffer Pain And Itch Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues?

Exclusive formula gives prompt, temporary relief from such pain and itch in many cases. Helps shrink swelling of hemorrhoidal tissues due to inflammation.

In a survey, doctors were asked what they use to relieve such painful symptoms. Many of the doctors reporting said that they either use Preparation H themselves or in their office practice.

Preparation H gives prompt, tem-

porary relief for hours in many cases from pain, itching in hemorrhoidal tissues. And it actually helps shrink painful swelling of such tissues when infected and inflamed. Try doctor-tested Preparation H[®]. Ointment or suppositories.

People weekly
is here.
Pick up a copy today, wherever you buy magazines.

HERMAN RAWHIDES



Lightweight but tough, with cushion innersoles and oil-resistant Neoprene crepe soles for firm footing on any surface. Great for work or sport. And available in 93 sizes, in oxford, 6" and 8" boots!



J. M. HERMAN
SHOE CO., INC.
Millis, Mass. 02054

Please send the color catalog and name of nearest Herman dealer.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Dept. 34 Zip _____

Change of Address

If you're moving, please let us know
4 weeks in advance.

Attach your present mailing label
here and fill in your new address below.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip Code _____

Mail to: **Sports Illustrated**
541 North Fairbanks Court
Chicago, Illinois 60641

For even faster service on this or other mailers concerning your subscription—bills, renewal, complaints, additional subscriptions—call toll free:

800-621-8200
(In Illinois 800-972-6302)

To order SI check box ☐ new ☐ renewal
Subscription price in the United States:
Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean
Islands: \$14 a year; military personnel any-
where in the world: \$10 a year; all others: \$18

15TH HOLE continued

Jan. 20). The reason the sleds are called "skeletons" is not arcane but routinely historical, according to the 1936 edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and a rather comprehensive book on the subject published around the turn of the century called *Counting on Artificial Snow*, by Sir Harry Gibson, an early Cresta runner. In the mid-1880s a St. Moritz winter visitor from Chicago named W. C. Childs (the *Britannica* lists him as L. P. Child), who later invented the bobbed, developed a newcoasting machine consisting of a flat wooden top with vertical wooden sides of oval shape pointed at the ends. Rounded steel rods were wrapped around the sides to form runners, sprung out slightly on the bottom for a shock-absorbing effect. Childs immortalized his homeland by calling his machine the "Amenica" and it was superbly successful. The next step was to eliminate the wooden sides, leaving only the curved steel rods supporting the top, thereby creating the "skeleton-framed America," eventually just "skeleton." Later the sliding bed was added and the height of the frame lowered to produce the modern machine.

ANGUS G. GARRER JR.

Wilbraham, Mass.

NEIGHBORS

Sir:

Your mention of the Barslow-to-Las Vegas race (SCORECARD, Jan. 13) was laced with the unfairness of innuendo. In a few paragraphs you tainted all recreational motorcyclists as defilers of nature or covert Hell's Angels who have intimidated the Bureau of Land Management into inaction. This is as inaccurate as it is ridiculous. In the case of the Barslow-to-Las Vegas race the sanctioning organizations worked closely with the BLM to ensure that the effect on the desert would be held to an absolute minimum.

Recreational motorcyclists feel that they have a right to use the environment just as other groups of citizens do, and, your editorial comment notwithstanding, the vast majority of us also want to protect that same environment.

JOHN SWIECA

Sterling, Va.

Sir:

I'm not going to debate the basic environmental problem, only your assumption that if the Barslow-to-Las Vegas race were banned, many frustrated racers would join the Hell's Angels. Why is it so difficult to understand that the guy next door is your common motorcyclist?

JIM GLASGOW

Laguna Niguel, Calif.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New
York, N.Y. 10020.

He's just won \$25,000,
poured a bucket of champagne
over his head.
He's not going to follow all
that with a boring cigarette.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size.
Super Long.



Viceroy has full-bodied
flavor that doesn't flatten
out. Always rich...always
smooth...always exciting.
Get a taste of Viceroy.
Get a taste of excitement.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

Viceroy Cigarettes are manufactured by American Tobacco Company, New York, N.Y.



Guess what Scotch is about to be served.

CHIVAS REGAL • 12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.